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No. VII.—MAY, 1834.—VOL. IV.

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ARNOLD'S
MAGAZINE
OF
THE FINE ARTS,
LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

London:
M. ARNOLD,
TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN:
AND SOLD BY SIMPKIN AND CO. STATIONER'S COURT,
AND OLIVER AND BOYD, EDINBURGH.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We deeply regret that our first paper in this Number should be premature, and that the plate it was intended to accompany, should not be forthcoming. The Portrait of John Martin, Esq. drawn by Wageman, and engraved by Wagstaff, has not been completed sufficiently early for publication this month, it will certainly appear in our next.

We have received a pamphlet espousing the radical opinions of a contemptible scribbler, which has been aptly denominated by a first rate periodical, "a tissue of rancorous falsehood." Our pages, while guided by the present conductor, shall never be debased by drawing from their native slime, works, at the effrontery of which, their writers ought to blush.

"Sketches of a Practising Architect," came too late for insertion.

The article mentioned by the writer of "Anthony Cardon," will be acceptable.

We have no room this month for the paper on "Infancy and Childhood."

It is requested that all works of Art, etc. for review may be sent to the Publishers.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Received for ARNOLD'S MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS at the Office, 21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

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Drawn by Hageman.

Engraved by Wagstaff.

John Martin

Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts.

ARNOLD'S

MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS.

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VOL. IV.]

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JOHN MARTIN, Esq.

IN presenting the accompanying plate to our readers, we lay before them the portrait of an artist unequalled in power and isolated in his glory.

Wherever Art shall flourish or genius be duly appreciated, wherever grandeur of conception or pictorial greatness shall be fostered and cherished, there will the name of John Martin be held up for high and honorable estimation. He is in painting, what the mighty master, Milton, was in poetry, great, irresistible, and grand; and he who looks upon his sublime productions confesses the feeling which the force of terrible identity only can excite. It matters little what the subject may be, so that it be great in itself; the pencil of our artist, delineating his wondrous conceptions, presents to the eye features new to the spectator, however extended his previous knowledge of it may have been. The "Feast of Belshazzar," and the "Fall of Nineveh," are instances of the magnificent powers of his inimitable imagination; who, that had not seen the first, could imagine the awful tremendous scene, which Martin's conception of the sacred writings was able to depict! The doomed monarch and his terrified attendants, the long drawn architectural perspective of the buildings, with the frowning grandeur of the tower in the back-ground, together with the exquisite grouping of the figures, Daniel standing in the midst, calm, cool and collected in the discharge of his duty, while he decyphers the dreaded denunciation "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN" to the terrified king, are proofs of the splendid powers of this highly gifted artist, too convincing to an unprejudiced mind for the admission of a thought which could cast even a shade on the splendid brightness of his shield. He is indeed a painter, a glorious meteor passing through the regions of Art, and though he possesses faults (which we have expatiated on in a former volume) they are only of minor importance in the general estimation of his powers, and are lost in the contemplation of those beautiful instances of artistical genius which his pencil has so frequently and so powerfully displayed.

THE GENIUS OF RAPHAEL.—CHAP. III.

*Navigia, atque Agriculturas, Moenia, Leges,
Arma, Vias, Vestes, et cætera de genere horum
Premia, delicias quoque vita funditus omneis,
Carmina, Picturas, et dædala signa polire,
Usus, et empigra simul experientia mentis
Paullatim docet pededentim progredientes.*

LUCRETIUS.

LORD Shaftesbury once asserted that a taste for the Fine Arts was known to every individual, if so, it may be as truly observed that the works of Raphael have been admired and cherished by all succeeding ages. Historians and poets have celebrated his fame, and courted the merit of his actions. In truth, the greatest princes of all ages have felt delight and admiration in the works of their painters. Alexander was as often found in the painting room of Apelles as in his palace. Demetrius chose rather to raise the siege of Rhodes, than ruin a composition of Protogenes, which was painted in a situation where he could best have attacked the town; and whilst his camp was before it, would often go to behold the painter at work, in a small country house he had within its precincts; and upon one occasion when Demetrius demanded of him why he thus continued at his pencil amid the acclamations of an hostile army, he answered "Demetrius wars with the Rhodians, not with the Arts."

Francis the First was so delighted with the compositions of Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto, that he invited them to honor his country and court with their presence. Charles the Fifth was so in love with Titian, that he once told his courtiers, who began to evince jealousy of his favors, "that the moments he gave to Titian, were to be well managed, for he was not always certain of his presence, whereas, he was sure of their's, who were more the attendants of his fortune than his person." And when he sent him any present, which he did frequently and lavishly, he always accompanied it with these words, "I desire not to pay thee for thy work, it has no price." Ridolfi in his Life of Titian, relates the following anecdote of the same emperor. On one occasion as Charles was sitting for his portrait, it happened that Titian let fall one of his pencils, which the king took up and presented to him and when the painter began to make excuses for the trouble he had given, and to apologize for his negligence, he was told mildly, "that a Titian merited to be served by a Cæsar."

Rubens was in favor with almost all the princes of Christendom, and was at last chosen by the Infant Albert, and the Infanta Isabella, to be their Ambassador at London, where his talents were no less admired than cherished by the unfortunate Charles, whose court was adorned by the presence of innumerable artists of the first celebrity of the age. Raphael himself was the favorite of the Tenth Leo, whose magnificence was in proportion to his accomplishments, from which the merits of Urbino's pencil met with the highest rewards. Sanzio felt that to preserve the favor of so great a man, was a task difficult even as contentment, and was often thought to be ill at ease, when in truth his mind was pondering on the lasting efforts of his fame, so beautifully described in a sonnet of Buonaroti's.

Giunti è già l corso della vita mia,
Con tempestoso mar per fragil-barca,
Al comun porto, ou' à render si varca
Conto e ragion d' ogni opra trista, e pia.

Onde l' affettuosa fantasia
Che l'arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
Cognosco hor ben quant 'era d'error carca
E quel ch' a mal suo grado ognun desia

Cli amorosi pensier, già vani, e lieti
Che fien ou' s'a dece mortè mi avvicino ?
D'una so certo, e l'altra mi minaccia.
Ne pinger ne scolpir fia più che quieti
S'anima volta a quello amor divino
Ch' aperse a prender moi in evoca le braccia.*

His friends were many, and, unlike those of the unfortunate Caracci, † their judgment aided and abetted his highest exertions. To appreciate and comprehend his character in its perfect sense, it is necessary to judge of its component parts, and to take also into consi-

* Vasari.

† Lodovico Caracci, who established the Academy at Bologna. His death is thus described by a French author of celebrity:—"Son dernier ouvrage qui est une Annonciation peinte à fresque, dans une des lunettes de la Cathédrale de Bologne, ne réussit pas; son âge, une vue affoiblie, et la grande élévation de l'Eglise furent cause qu'il se consacra à un ami pour voir d'en bas l'effet de l'ouvrage. Cet ami lui dit qu'il étoit bien, et qu'il pouvoit faire ôter les Echafauds. il fut trompé; on critiqua fort cette peinture. Louis s'en chagrina de manière qu'il se mit au lit, et Bologne perdit ce grand homme en 1619."

deration the age and country in which it was formed, and in which its earliest (and consequently more lasting) impressions were imbibed. We must consider whether he was more eminent in the accomplishments of art, or nature, in superior industry, or in the polished gifts of genius and grace. Again, it is necessary to examine the first principles or foundation of his faculties, and to pursue their developement from the vanity of youthful pride, to the unostentatious ease of manhood—to look into the shrines of his mind, and sooth and polish its energy, or examine the thoughts of his heart, and lessen and soften his failings.

Fame ever hands from generation to generation the glories of the mighty dead; but the actions and characters of men are often so obscured and concealed beneath the shadows of time, that particular events of their lives, are entirely hid from tradition, or forgot amid the brighter exhalations of their lustre; the extraordinary powers of decay are so suspended over their once proud existence, that humanity shrinks at the searchless secrets of oblivion. But though none can control the all-absorbing powers of fate, we still can reflect on the transitory ages past, and lessen or confirm the legacy of the historian, according to the collated opinions of the living.

To those whose weak minds aspire to the daring thought of censuring his productions, the observations of the wise man of old may truly be applied, "he that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter for his humor, but no matter for his instruction." He surpassed all modern painters, because he possessed more of the exquisite parts of painting than any other. *

In comparing his earliest and latest efforts, it is extraordinary to perceive the progress, which, in the few last years of existence, Raphael made in his works. His life ended at an age when all the powers and vigor of manhood glow forth from the lassitude of youth, when the concentrated powers of the mind have been moulded and perfected by the casualties of the world: and it is easy to find how rapid was the improvement of his style previous to the last days of his career. Decidedly the first painter the earth has ever seen, his superiority is evinced, his excellence characterized, in almost all his many and varied productions.

He was an admirable architect. His single portraits were generally

* Fresnoy.

well executed. He had many pupils, amongst others, Julio Romano, Polydore, Gaudenzio, Giovanni d'Urbine and Michael Coxies. His graver was Mark Antonio, whose prints are so valuable for their correctness of execution. * And perchance the peruser of these lines will not feel uninterested in reading the just encomiums his biographer, the generous Vasari, has bestowed on his genius. † “Certo fra le sue doti singolari ne scorgo una di tal valore che in me stesso stupisco; che il cielo gli diede, forza di poter mostrare nell' arte nostra uno effetto si contrasio alle complessione di noi pittori: questo e che naturalmente gli artifici nostri, non dico soli i bassi, ma quelle che hanno umore d'asser grande (come di questo umore l'arte ne produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opere in compagnia di Raffaello, flavano uniti e di concordia tale che tutti è mali umori in veder lui s'amor zavano: e ogni vile e basso pensien cadeva loro di mente. La quale unione mai non su piu in altro tempe che nel suo. E questo avveniva perche restavano vinti dalla cortesia e dall' arte sua, ma piu dal genio della sua buona natura.”

He gloried in the works of Da Vinci. He felt that to that great master he owed the tenderness and delicacy of his mature productions, and imitated him both in manner and coloring. Raphael was partial to Leonardo for many reasons, he felt a kindred love, not for his genius alone but for his character. Passionately fond of poetry, he felt delight in the sonnets of Da Vinci, and the following, composed in an hour of sadness, was grateful to his feelings and his taste,—it is the last tribute of his poesy left us by the withering blast of time.

SONETTO MORALE.

Chi non puo quel che vuol, quel che può voglia,
Che quel che non si può solle e' volere.
Adunque saggio e' l'Huomo da tenere,
Che da quel che non può suo voler toglia.

* Fresnoy.

† Thus praised by Thuanus in 1574: “ob excellentiam artis, quam historia accurate et eleganter scripta illustravit Georgius Vasarius mesuit, ut inter vivos ingenio et literis præstantes accenseretur. Is Aretii in Etruria natus, pictor et architectus nostra ætate præstantissimus, dice magno Etruriæ Duci Cosmo, omnium liberalium artium, inter quas pictura et architectura ut referenter obtinuit, sature eximis ravavit; editis passim ingenii sui ad stupendum omnium spectaculum monumentis, et tandem hoc anno climacterico suo Zuintil visis exemptus est; exinde sicuti testamento caverat, Florentia ubi decessit, Aritium in patriam translatus; quo loco in principale secundum sedem episcopalem templo in sacello ab ipso juxta sumptuose et admirando artificio extracto sepultus.”

Pero ch' ogni diletto nostro e doglia
 Sta insio no saper voler potere,
 Adunque quel sol può che co'l douere
 Ne trabe la Ration fuor di sua soglia.

Ne sempre è da voler quel che l'huomo puote,
 Spesso par dolce quel che toma Amaro:
 Piansi gia quel ch'io volai poi ch'io l'hebbi.
 Adunque tu, Lettor, di queste Note,
 S'ate vuoi esser buono, e a gl'altri caro,
 Vogli semper poter quel che tu debbi.

In the compositions of Urbino, though evidently studied from antiquity, we find that he very seldom finished his figures and joints with that beauty and delicacy which displays itself in the Laocoon or Apollo. The hands of his men are fat and clumsy, those of his women thin and fleshless. He understood well the relation of one member to another, but did not exactly comprehend the general elegance of the Grecian statues. He knew not ideal loveliness, but perfected that of nature only.

Raphael so closely imitated his master, that the pictures painted by them were with difficulty distinguished from each other. Being called frequently by his affairs to Florence, he there profited much by the examples of many excellent masters, and by degrees few of his early paintings would have been taken as the productions of the same pencil. He also applied with more determined zeal to the Art, and cultivated among many other distinguished persons of the time, a strict intimacy with Fra. Bartolomeo di San Marco, who taught him a greater lavishment of color, and more admirable tints of light and shadow. Urbino, for this kindness, acquainted him in his turn with the rules of perspective, and gradually effected an entire change in his style.

There were times when the human heart, unconscious of its natural powers; ignorant of its own faculties and strength, permitted others to sway its feelings and govern its hopes and fears—when men heaped misery on their fellow men, and, lost to all the blessings of peace and comforts of polished life, felt only the thirst of revenge, hatred, and ambition. But now every tie of nature is put into competition with vice, every law of right opposed to that of power—the rebellious are bound to peace, and the wicked compelled to submit for the tranquillity of the good. Avarice is subservient to wealth—ambition to art—the productions of providence are concentrated for the benefit

of all, and evil opinions submit to the inclinations of truth. Yet in the times of Urbino, though environed by intestine commotions and foreign depredations, the Arts flourished in their height of splendor, and lived mightier in the thunders of war than now in the mild refulgence of peace.

Carlo Maratti is said to have remarked, "Had he not known the existence of Raphael, he should have considered his paintings the productions of an angel," and, indeed, the works of Urbino merit the extraordinary remark. In them alone are found the three styles of painting: in his first, he imitated nature only; in his second, he reduced Art to the rules of beauty, expressing with energy and animation whatever his talents dictated; in his third, the expression is more chaste and beautiful, the clear obscure is more finished, and the lines more fine and true.*

Raphael delighted in travelling after models; he speaks in one of his letters of the "*carestia di belle donna*," and in continuation, "*di una, certa, dia che mi viene in mento*." The observation of Michael Angelo, at the age of fourscore years, may be applied to him, viz. that "he learnt something every day," and by the force of his genius collated the best portions of that knowledge and cultivated the pure taste of Da Vinci.

The splendor and gorgeous pomp of the Catholic worship also tended in the highest degree to the advancement of the Fine Arts in Rome, during the life of Sanzio, although the Romans, from the following passage in Tully, appear never to have arrived at any degree of excellence in sculpture or painting, "*An censemus, se sábio, nobilissimo homini, laudi datum esset quod pingeret, non multos etiam apud nos futuros Polycletas, et Parrhasios fuisse? honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad Studia Gloriæ, jacentque ea semper quæ apud quosque improbantur.*"† They, in fact, rather boasted an inferiority in the polite works of the age, and triumphed alone in the glories of empire and dominion.

Madame de Stael in her *Corinne* describes, in her own elegant style and soft beautiful language, the feeling that the rites of the Catholic faith impressed on her vivid mind, it is then not surprising that painters in the days of a Raphael and an Angelo, produced such consummate portraiture of the most distinguished portions of its belief. "*Ces tableaux où les saints à genoux expriment*" she proceeds, "*dans leurs regards une priere continuelle; ces statues placées sur les tombeaux*

* Graham.

† Lib. i.

comme pour se reveiller un jour avec les morts, ces Eglises et leurs voutes immenses ont un rapport intime avec les idées religieuses. J'aime cet hommage cela tant rendu par les hommes à ce qui ne leur promet ni la fortune, ni la puissance; à ce qui ne les punit ou ne les recompense, que par un sentiment du cœur. J'aime cette prodigalité des richesses terrestres, pour une autre vie, du temps pour l'éternité! Assez de choses se font pour l'économie des affaires humaines. O! que j'aime l'inutile! l'inutile si l'existence n'est qu'un travail pénible pour un misérable gain. Mais se nous sommes sur cette terre en marche vers le ciel qu'y a-t-il de mieux à faire que d'élever assez notre ame pour quelle semble l'infini, l'invisible, et l'éternel au milieu de toutes les bonner qui l'entourent!" *

But the age of pomp and glory has faded even with the faith that gave it birth, and cherished its brightest moments, the sun of chivalry has set, perhaps never to rise again. It was an institution which gave existence to the purest virtues which plant themselves in the breasts of men, as emblems of a life eternal; it was a moral attainment which lavished its generous patronage, pre-eminent alike in the moral and physical distinctions, a gorgeous and spirited age blended in the highest feelings of benevolent worth; it has faded for ever, but remembrance will linger long on its beautiful creations, and our fathers dwell in their desolated tombs revered through the vistas of eternity.

The beauties of his own Art are given with warmth and feeling by Raphael himself, in a letter to his accomplished friend, Francesco Raibolini.† "Messer Francesco mio caro ricevo in questo punto il vostro retratto—egli è Cellissimo, e tanto vivo, che m'inganne taloro, evedendomi di essere con esso voi, e sentire le vostre parole."‡ And by his dear companion, the elegant Count Balthasor Castiglione, in a letter from the Countess Hyppolyte to her husband.

Sola tuos Vultus referens Raffaelis imago
Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas :
Huic ego delicias facio, arrisauque jocoque
Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat.

Assensu, mutuque mihi scœpe illa videtur
Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui,
Agnoscit balboque Patrem, puer ore salutat
Hoc solor, longos decipisque dies.§

* Vol. iii.

‡ Di Lettre sulla Pittura.

† A Bolognese painter.

§ Poemata Italarum.

From the age of the talented Polygnotus,* Aristides,† and Parrhasius, (who, it is said, purchased an Olynthian captive, with the intention of putting him to a dreadful death, for the purpose of expressing the tortures of Prometheus,‡ till the age of which we treat, there never was a painter who produced such beautiful works and exalted so much the human mind by their contemplation, as Raphael; nay, even from the Helen of Zeuxis,§ and the Alexander of Apelles,|| to that celebrated picture of Aristides, in which the agonies of a dying mother are so beautifully portrayed;¶ and on which, according to the opinion of the learned author of the *Treatise de Pictura Veterum*, the following epigram of Æmilianus was written thus translated into Latin by Grotius.

Suge, miser, nunquam que post hac pocula fuges;
Ultimo ab exanimo corpore pocula trahe!
Experavit enim jam saucia; sed vel ab oreæ
Infantem novet pascere matris amor.

Raphael was fond of display; besides his disciples he had vast numbers of students and friends, who frequented his house, and attended him abroad. On one occasion, passing through the streets of Rome, surrounded as above, he met Michael Angelo, who said to him, en passant, "You march like a provost with his serjeants about him," Raphael replied with his usual dryness, "And you alone like a hangman."**

We see not the man who ever rivalled Urbino, whether it be in the uncorrupted style of Correggio, or the chaste and elaborate coloring of Titian, who is said to have declared to Francesco de Vargas,†† that he feared he should never equal the extreme delicacy which distinguished the pencils of Raphael and Parmegiano, "And even though I should be successful," he continued, "I should always rank below them, because I should only be accounted an imitator. In a

* Pliny describes this ancient artist thus, "Primus Milceres lucidâ veste pinxit, capita earum mitris versicoloribus operuit, plurimumque picturæ primus contulit: siquidem instituit os adaperire, dentes ostendere, vultum ab antiquo vigore variare."

† The first artist who expressed the human character, passions, and mind.—*Pliny.*

‡ Seneca.—*Carlo Dolcei questions its truth.*

§ Dionysius of Halicarnassus, relates the story of his having executed his celebrated picture from an assemblage of beautiful women.

|| Plutarch.

¶ Alexander the Great took this picture with him to Pella.

** De Piles.

†† Ambassador of Charles the 5th at Venice.

word, ambition, which always attends the Fine Arts, has induced me to choose a way entirely new, in which I may make myself famed for something, as the great masters have done in the route they have followed.”*

The Death of Raphael, on the 7th of April 1520, was a subject of regret to universal Italy, and by no one more deplored than the distinguished priest who filled the Papal throne. His body lay in the spacious hall of his own mansion, surmounted by his celebrated picture of the Transfiguration, and his remains were afterwards interred with pomp and honor beneath the dome of the Pantheon. No one perhaps ever lived who did more honor to his common kind than Raphael, no one who more exalted the human heart and human character, than the individual whose works I have so weakly praised, whose genius I have so feebly advocated.

Cardinal Bembo wrote his epitaph, which may be seen upon his tomb in the church of the Rotunda. It is simple but elegant, full of pathos and feeling, worthy the land of the Muses.

D • O • M.

Raphael Sanctio cohan • F. Vrbinati
 Pictori • eminentiss. veterumq. aemulo
 Civis • spiranteis • prope • imagineis
 si • contemplere naturæ
 atque • artis • foedu
 facele • insperesis
 iulii 11 • et Leonis x • pont • max.
 picturæ • et architect. operibus
 gloriam • auxit
 vixit • an XXXVII • integer • integras • quo • die • natus
 est • eq • esse
 desiit • VII • id • April • MDXX.

Ille • hic • est • Raphael • timuit • quo • sospiti • vincl.
 Rerum • magna • parens • et • moriento • mori.

Fuseli says of him, “His expression is unmixed and pure, in strict unison with, and decided by contrast, whether calm, animated, agitated, convulsed, or absorbed by the inspiring passion, it never contradicts its cause, and is equally remote from tameness and inertness,” and such in truth may be considered his character both as a man and a painter.

* Antonine Percy.

The unwary censures of supercilious criticism never were, perhaps, felt so forcibly as by Urbino. His burning eye would flash back defiance at the speaker,* and the powerful impulse of offended pride spurn in lofty but tranquil scorn the insignificance of the address.

He was skilful to an extraordinary degree in the management of a horse, and prided himself both on his bearing and dexterity. His manner was graceful and easy—his conversation elegant, his voice soft and melodious. His company was courted by all the leading people of the time, and no one enjoyed more pleasure or ease than in the presence of Raphael. Fond to a passionate excess of *le beau sexe* he was equally agreeable to them, both in person and accomplishments. And the beauty of his mistress, La bella Fornarina, was long a theme of admiration and love in a land where earth and heaven, art and nature, alike vie in elegance and charm.

Others before his time had planted the glory of painting, and raised it in the estimation of civilized nations; but Raphael perfected and smoothed the examples of Angelo and Da Vinci. All that was great and beautiful was their's, all that was true in conception lay in their bosoms, and Sanzio, who, in the words of Vasari, was *molto eccellente in imitare*, never beheld ought from which he did not profit. Rich in the faculties of perception, at a period when all the feelings of genius develop themselves with energetic vivacity; distinguished by the powers of discernment, at a period when he had but to choose the most rapid of all in action, and precipitous in thought; Raphael rather blunted the many errors of his mind, than strove to vanquish and destroy them.

Le chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche.

It is delightful to search amid the multitude of the paintings of Urbino, and discover the epoch when his talents were first evinced, and mark thence their progress and developement. It is a soothing retrospect, even at this distance from the age of his glory, to collate together the many gems of his Art, and unite in one wreath the laurels of his fame.

Raphael's creative powers were unbounded, rapid, and correct—he seldom erred in the vast efforts of his genius, unfrequently in the minor works of his pencil. His mind, irascible and wandering, cherished the deep impressions of the soul with kindred feeling, and sent them forth warm from the heart. All that an elegance of style, chasteness of thought, gracefulness of conception, could yield to the ac-

* Martino.

tions of nature, developing themselves from time to time in bursts of unchecked passion—all that a purity of taste, an animation of thought, a correctness of judgment, force of spirit, could add to the energy and watchfulness of unalloyed zeal, were truly his own—children of his heart—things of his creation. He sleeps eternally—his dust ere this hath mingled with its mother clay—but his name and his works—his genius and his glory, will be themes on which nations and men will dwell enraptured, long as love for the great of decaying ages animates and soothes the heart, or memory hang mourning o'er the biers of earth's greatest and mightiest spirits.

THE LATE MR GREEN.

DIED at Bath on the 27th. ult., James Green Esq., of South Crescent, Bedford Square, after an illness of six weeks. He had just completed his sixty-second year, and his disorder appears to have been of deep-seated origin, namely, a slow formation of pulmonary disease, which a *post mortem* examination proved to have been in activity for several years.

His career as a portrait painter has been rather meritorious than brilliant, and is certainly more marked with all those qualities in which we recognise the energy of individual character, than the blind and often ill requited bounty of nature. The spontaneous exuberance of talent; and the unbought-facility of power are often dangerous gifts, and we have seen too many instances where the denial of more sober attributes has made them a curse to their possessors rather than a blessing. Though not meanly gifted with the more imposing requisites for a painter, Mr. Green appears to have owed his success more to the steady and judicious application of industry, perseverance, and careful observation. With a correct eye, a well tutored hand, and a naturally ready perception of the graceful and harmonious in nature, he never failed to produce in his portraits an impress of the best qualities of his sitters, and in some degree, as a painter always must, of his own character. They were always dignified, gentle, and decorous; and, in conveying the truth of nature, he *rarely* suffered himself to divide its effect with the importunate pretensions of Art, depending neither for the meretricious graces of startling arrangement, the *prestige* of robust execution, nor the popular allurements of colors, but solely upon the silent claims of truth and the gentle influence of harmony, and of elegant rather than powerful execution: of these qualities the

public have been courteous judges for many years, in all the exhibitions of London and in many of the country; for he was favorably known among the enlightened few, who, in many of our provincial towns, have done so much towards propagating those principles of taste and that feeling for Fine Art which have ever been held the marks of high civilization, and of moral as well as intellectual refinement. At Bath, at Manchester, at Lincoln, at Scarborough, his character both as an artist and a man were highly appreciated. Nor was it only in the temporary interest of exhibitions that his works engaged the attention of the public. Several of them have been worthily perpetuated by the gravures of distinguished men, and in the portraits of the late president West, and of sir R. Birnie, mezzotinted by Say, may be recognised those characteristics of graceful dignity and harmonious arrangement both of form and of *chiaro-oscuro* which, we have said, were the chief peculiarities of his style. The same may be said of his Horsley, bishop of Rochester, of his George Cooke in the character of Iago, and of John Warde esq. of Squerries, works preserved for the public and for posterity by the engravings of Ward and Turner. His efforts in the department of history or fancy have not been numerous; but, whenever they were called for, he invariably treated us with images sweetly graceful, and clothed in attributes highly picturesque and poetical. Witness his *Zadig* and *Astarte*, painted for the late Samuel Barker of Barnby Moor, which was exhibited in 1826, and was engraved in the *Literary Souvenir* of 1828. Perhaps these qualities were still more remarkable in the *Female Falconer* which was exhibited in 1825, and in that other of the young and elegant Bernaise playing with her canary, which embellished the *Souvenir* of 1827, and, more than all, he exhibited a delicate fancy and tasteful execution in that large painting of the fair *Belinda*, who, as she stands surrounded with all her preparations for conquest, and perhaps in doubt whether she shall "forget her prayers or miss the masquerade" seems, of the two evils, evidently ill inclined to choose the latter. It figured in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1820, and, I believe, has ever since remained, together with two of the three mentioned above, in the show room of the artist. There also may still be seen his elaborate water-color painting of the *Loves* conducted by the Graces to the temple of Hymen, a work, which, for poetry of sentiment, richness of coloring, and beauty of form and arrangement, may be ranked perhaps among the highest of modern achievements in the application of that material to such subjects. He executed also and published a series of tasteful designs in which he personified with much propriety the orders of architecture,

conveying under male and female forms a happy exemplification of the characteristics of each. His last work was a subject worthy indeed of the pencil's immortality. It was a portrait of the spirited man whose bold and perilous enterprise in the wild field of polar navigation is, certainly, if taken in connection with his extraordinary endurance of privation, the most surprising achievement of the kind on record. Captain Ross had scarcely arrived in London, when he commenced sitting to Mr. Green, and, although at the time of his lamented death it still wanted the last finish, the portrait will no doubt be recognised by the public as a specimen of the painter's attention to truth and conception of character, quite as worthy as the striking head of our venerable Stothard* which he exhibited three years ago.

The materials for an extended memoir of our subject are not ample. In the "noiseless tenour" of an industriously professional life, and the happy regularity of domestic tranquillity the incidents can be neither new nor striking. It was so with Mr. Green's. The son of a respectable builder at Laytonstone in Essex, his early initiation into Art was entrusted to Mr. Thomas Martyn, who was distinguished as a draughtsman in subjects of natural history, forty or fifty years ago. Martyn had opened an academy at No. 10 in Great Marlborough Street, in which he professed to train young men in his own department of the Arts, and it was here that in conjunction with Pyne, Wright, and other well known names, our artist was bound to him for a term of years. Young Green's peculiar province of imitation lay in shells, birds, and insects; in the representation of which he made himself so excellent, and consequently so valuable to his master, that when, at an advanced period of his apprenticeship, he began to cherish a laudable aspiration to a higher walk in Art, it is not surprising that numerous obstacles were designedly placed in his way.

The writer of this notice has heard his family repeat many instances of the jealous alarm which Martyn took at the indications of his pupil's ambition, and of the ungenerous arts by which he endeavoured to check or to defeat it. But the diligence and fixedness of purpose which distinguished our subject, were not to be deterred from their object by external discouragements. The spark of emulation which should be born with every professor of the Fine Arts, burnt but the fiercer for the unnatural oppression, until at length the young painter's secret efforts had so far met with their due success, as to enable him to hold himself independent of his narrow-minded pre-

* The reader will find an engraving by Scriven from this painting in our Number for April, 1833.

ceptor, and a separation took place some time before his indentures expired. His early attempts had been personally encouraged by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in whose day the comparatively small number of students in the Fine Arts, left it more in the power of a President to be liberal of encouragement than it is possible to be now-a-days. After copying, to Sir Joshua's satisfaction, several of his pictures, Mr. Green was recommended to the Academy as a fit student by the President himself, and he gradually procured himself a respectable practice as a portrait painter in water-colors. In this branch, indeed, his excellence was, for that day, so considerable, that is probable that if he had confined himself to it, he would have ranked among the foremost of those who have excelled in it since. His progress, both in a professional and a social sense, appears to have been regular and cheering. He availed himself of every opportunity of practice and improvement, and, in the prosecution of his avocations as a student or a practitioner, he visited Paris, Dublin, Edinburgh, and several of the leading provincial towns of the kingdom. Among his patrons he particularly distinguished, and always with a marked sense of grateful satisfaction, the worthy proprietor of Riseholme near Lincoln, Francis Chaplin, Esq. with whom he was upon a footing of such intimate and uninterrupted harmony, that for upwards of thirty years he never failed to spend a portion of the summer and autumn with him, and from his taste derived annually a portion of the labors of his pencil.* In 1805, his union with one of the daughters of William Byrne, the eminent engraver, consolidated his prospects and moored his hitherto uncertain bark upon the *terra firma* of domestic happiness. From this time till his last illness, he resided in town, and with his amiable and accomplished wife was jointly occupied in the practice of portrait painting, and the education of two excellent children, a son and daughter. Mrs. Green's success as a miniature painter is too generally known, and too flatteringly acknowledged to need any observations at this time and in this place; it is sufficient that the personal regard of every one who has the good fortune to know her, and the invariable demonstrations of esteem which high rank, refined taste, and select fashion, and even royal condescension have willingly paid to her, prove her to have been worthy of his affections.

Mr. Green's loss will be felt and regretted as an artist, it will be still more lamented as a man. The circle who have been able to ob-

* He enjoyed, from an early period, the esteem and consideration of the late President West, and was honored with his especial regard up to the last.

serve and estimate his qualities as a friend, a gentleman, and the father of a family, is very numerous and highly respectable. The writer of this was comparatively a recent and an humble member of it, but he has enjoyed for some years a familiarity with his domestic circumstances which has left upon his mind a vivid impression of amiable courtesy, of cheerful and intelligent society, of active and willing friendliness. His position in the bosom of his family presented a picture of mutual esteem, of unanimity of purpose, of harmony, of contentment, of parental cares well directed and beautifully responded to, which it has seldom been the writer's lot to contemplate so perfectly elsewhere; it demonstrated to all who witnessed it, that, compared to the merits of the *good man* and the *worthy member of society*, those of the artist were of secondary importance.

We know not whether we can with propriety intrude farther into his domestic circle, or convey an idea of the pleasing influence of the parent's character upon the children. In the case of his only son Mr. Benjamin Green, the public we trust will in due time be enabled to judge, and induced to judge favorably, as the taste he has shewn for both pictorial and literary pursuits, and the specimens he has already produced in both respects, give reasonable promise of an active and honorable career.

REMARKS ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 532.)

Returning to our consideration of the churches built by Constantine, let us reflect on what may have been the qualities he would have those edifices possess. That they should be spacious was required by the numerous assemblies of Christians which occurred under the protection of the emperor. Being the objects of his liberality, they should possess a majesty that might proclaim his munificence; and they must be commodious, that the ceremonies of religion might be performed with due effect and decency. He may have looked yet further for some analogy in form, with the emblem of the faith he had embraced.

A building in the manner of a basilica presented all these desiderata; and he therefore adopted it for his model in the whole of his churches. The resemblance was so great that the name of basilica

was given to these first temples ; which, in fact, differed only in their destinations and usages, from the rendezvous of the merchants and litigants. Were Vitruvius to re-appear amongst us, he would recognize a basilica in the church of St. Paul ; he would find too, a considerable resemblance in most of the gothic cathedrals ; but he would look for it in vain in the church of St. Peter, where the form and distribution are altogether dissimilar.

After the description given above of the Roman basilicæ, I should have little to say of the church of St. Paul ; if we found here the taste, the regularity, and architectural properties of its prototypes. The general form is indeed the same ; but, where are those harmonic proportions, those scientific decorations, which gratified the judgment in surveying the basilicæ of the ancients ? We behold but a monument of the degradation which the Arts had already suffered at the time of Constantine ; for it would be absurd to attribute this violation of rules to christian simplicity, and not to the prevailing ignorance of the period. We are constrained to believe that the barbarians had but to consummate the decadence of Art, which was far advanced, ere the Goths had overturned a single stone in Italy. Though Theodosius the Great contributed to the embellishment of St. Paul's, there does not appear any difference in the work favorable to Constantine. The half century intervening between his reign and that of Theodosius, had not rendered artists much less skilful ; and, therefore, whatever degree of merit is attached to the whole, may be partially assigned to him.

The form of the church under consideration is nearly that of a chalcidicated basilica. There are eighty columns in the body of the edifice, dividing it laterally into five portions ; twenty are ranged on each side the nave or central portion, and the divisions of the aisles have as many. Of the forty in the nave, twenty-four are said to have belonged to the mausoleum of Adrian. They are of the Corinthian order, fluted ; and of fine and beautifully colored marble—antiquity presenting nothing of the kind more precious in material or execution. The other sixteen are of a whitish grey, and rudely worked ; no two being alike in all their proportions : the channels are not straight nor of an equal depth. The sculptor seems to have wrought blindfold, or at least without perception ; and destitute of rules may have regarded his models without a blush, and have thought his task well performed when he had furrowed the shaft from the top to the base. The forty columns of the side divisions are of granite—smaller than those just mentioned, without flutes and of a bruised and uneven surface. In

the arms of the cross are columns of different marbles, but placed without regard to size or color.

In the better ages of Art, columns were invariably surmounted by an entablature; but the architects of Constantine departed from the rule, and have connected their pillars by an arcade; above which, rises a wall thirty feet high, in place of the second order, employed in the ancient basilicæ. The two branches of the cross only are ceiled; the nave and aisles being covered by a roof, whose framing is open to the sight. I may here observe that vaulted coverings were not used by the builders of the earlier churches at Rome, which is attested by their absence in the oldest examples. Where we find them ceiled at the present day, it seldom turns out that they were so earlier than the middle of the sixteenth century. The sanctuary only had an ornamental roof; but the remainder was left in as plain a state as the poorer parish churches at this time. Such we find the church of St. Paul—such was the old church of St. Peter—those of St. John de Lateran, and of St. Mary Major. These are the four principal examples, and it is by no means probable that decoration should have been more neglected here, than in others which wanted their dignity and importance. One cannot attribute this singularity to the poverty of the founders; nor to the timidity of the architects, if we recollect that those who vaulted the *baths* of Constantine, could as easily have vaulted a *church*. It may perhaps be objected that in this, they did but imitate the pagan basilicæ; which may have been ceiled only in the tribunal. Vitruvius, however, speaks of vaults in describing the basilica erected from his designs at Farino. But to return to our subject:—

The façade has a modern portico, twenty feet high, and the brick-work above is ornamented with mosaics executed in a very debased style of Art. Having thus contemplated the main features of the edifice, need we look farther ere we pronounce the golden age of architecture fled? We have only indeed to turn to the countless absurdities that present themselves at every step; here, columns without bases—there, the want supplied by rude square blocks—Corinthian and Composite, Tuscan and Ionic, elbowing each other; and all this poverty of design, rivalled by the clumsy inability of execution; I except, of course, the two dozen columns from the mausoleum of Adrian; but what is singular with respect to them, is, that by a ridiculous affectation of variety, thirteen have been placed on one side, and eleven on the other.

A vast edifice, then, is the only memorial of the munificence of Con-

stantine and Theodosius. To decorate it they levied contributions on the best examples of ancient Art; thus ending, as by a deadly *coup de grace*, the efforts of good taste, which continued to struggle ere the bad had totally prevailed; and the patterns of excellence thus annihilated, were replaced by the most pitiable productions which have unfortunately been too often and too faithfully imitated.

As soon as the genial rays of peace had beamed on christianity, its churches rapidly increased in number, and especially at Rome. They were erected over the tombs of martyrs, and on the sites of their habitations; the private oratories were aggrandized and used for public worship. Admirable facilities for these purposes, were afforded by the edicts of the emperor, from Constantine to the second Theodosius, for destroying the pagan temples, which furnished the catholics with an abundance of excellent materials—certainly most unskilfully applied.

Seeing no better plan to follow, than the three great basilicæ of Constantine, they continued to repeat them on a reduced scale. The only difference worthy of remark, being, that some of the more ancient, have not the cross at the extremity as in St. Paul's: but in all other respects they are similar. Columns, collected from all parts, disposed without regard to height or bulk, to the kind of marble, ornaments or order. To such as were long enough without, no base has been given; and two have made up the deficiency in such as were otherwise too short. Thus the whole has been adjusted. The entablature fell into dissuetude, and the labor of sculpturing a frieze, or enriching a cornice was avoided. The masons preferred building naked walls on arches: and we accordingly find them there.

Let us not pursue these details, having noted the shadows of error which separate the sterling works of architecture from the spurious. All the churches at Rome, except two or three of a circular form, and such as have been constructed or *modernized* since the revival of the Arts, are alike in their plan. All exhibit the same defects—the same heterogeneous jumble of parts of every form and color—the same lack of taste and intelligence. A foreigner going to Rome, after looking into the accounts of ecclesiastical annalists, expects to find a city studded with the finest relics of antiquity which religion has shielded from the attacks of the barbarian. What then must be his surprise at finding scarcely half a dozen instances, that manifest themselves at a glance? No; in all modern Rome, there are not more than five or six churches which have been pagan temples; nor were these, with the exception of the Pantheon, of the largest or the finest: many im-

portant examples, however, remained till the siege of Alaric. It is lamentable to observe, that while the church flourished and so favorable an opportunity was afforded of applying to its use the best edifices of exploded paganism, they were for the most part destroyed, in compliance with the letter of the imperial edicts; we cannot otherwise account for the few existing remains, out of a couple of thousand temples that embellished Rome in the best days of the empire. As we do not find a single instance of a profane basilica converted to christian purposes, the title could not have been derived from the practice, as some writers have advanced.

The church, says Baronius, might with decency consecrate pagan temples to the true worship; but in his notes on the Roman martyrology, he states that after considerable research it appeared to have been the custom to overthrow the temples, till the time of Gregory the Great; and that such as escaped destruction, had been heretofore thought unworthy of consecration after being inhabited by devils; certain it is, a vast majority must have been destroyed. But we will not here canvass the motives that led to their annihilation; contenting ourselves with observing, that one of the chief obstacles to their conversion and preservation was, that in general they were too small and otherwise unsuited to the religious ceremonies of the christians. The temple of Faustina for instance, forms at present the chapel of a simple confraternity, who have found it necessary to enlarge it by adding transepts. The circular temple of Remus is but the vestibule to a church of the Franciscans. *

SPANISH TOWNS. No. VI.

GRANADA.

"De honra y tropheos lleno."

ANCIENT BALLADS OF THE WARS OF GRANADA.

FROM Malaga, the journey to Granada in the winter time may be most agreeably performed on horseback, but, at the date of my departure for that city, after a confinement of several days with a

* It occurs to us that the New Hungerford Market, though but a feeble imitation, affords the best practical illustration we possess, of the form and arrangement of the buildings alluded to in the paper of our correspondent.—*Edit.*

golpe del sol, or species of brain fever, the season was too far advanced to warrant my adopting such mode of travelling. It was now the middle of June, and the sun shot forth his rays with a degree of fierceness seldom experienced even in the sultry south.

Nothing could well have proved more irksome than the long and dreary passage I had undertaken on this occasion, for penned up in a *galera*, or land galley, with thirteen others, embracing every gradation of Spanish society between opulence and rags, though the distance scarcely exceeded five-and-twenty leagues, which may be equal to about a hundred English miles, I was at least as many hours upon the road. We travelled by night, halting the entire of an intervening day at the *Venta de Casin*, a house of entertainment lying ten or a dozen leagues north-east of Malaga.

Having, with that heedless credulity so incurable in many persons, relied upon the assurance of our conductor, that the *galera* would carry every requisite for the journey, and that although an invalid, I should have no cause to complain of any want of comfort—*que seria bien puesta con paja y otras requisitas para el viaje, y que aunque enfermo no me hallaria incomodado*, I little suspected that I should, in reality, find myself destitute not of *paja* alone, or straw, but even of a seat and every article besides that might, on a pinch, have been made to answer the purpose of one. With better information and a little thought or foresight, I might have prepared, in some measure, for the exigencies of such a jaunt, for however intolerable we might have found the blaze of a meridian sun, the effects of a midnight air—an air so singularly keen and penetrating in these parts—were equally to be apprehended, and the tilt of the *galera* being old and tattered, I should certainly, had I previously examined the condition of it, have secured a small quantity of *comestibles*—creature comforts—and a good thick Barcelona cloak as needful to the due fortification—the former of my inward, the latter of my exterior man. A bed or mattress too should have suggested itself to my recollection, as an invention in the useful arts more capable of affording repose than bare and knotty planks; for a Spanish *galera*, though considerably less in bulk, is as rude and primitive in its construction and appearance as the west-country waggons seen laboring through Piccadilly; and, dragged at as creeping a pace; its legitimate employment consists rather in the transportation of goods than of passengers.

The road was excessively rugged, and, what with extreme cold on the one hand, and violent jerking on the other, I must have suffered a perfect martyrdom, but for the seasonable humanity of a good old

Franciscan who chanced to be of our party. This venerable brother, corpulent as he was, and presenting, as he did, the exact prototype from which Sheridan must have sketched his priest in the *Duenna*, occupied a dormitory sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of another, and having it fortunately in my power to conciliate him with a liberal supply of cigars—a necessary as indispensable to an Andalusian as oil and garlic—he took me under his especial patronage and protection.

My impatience to reach the above named *venta* was so great, that I was heedless of almost every thing passing around me—every thing at least that did not tend in some way to beguile the tediousness of the journey. The friar entered upon a long and learned disquisition upon the extinction of popery in England, attributing that calamity to the pernicious councils of the unfortunate Anna Bullen, now in purgatory, as he declared, for her mischievous interference; and, unwilling to offer an opinion upon such subject, in such a country, and in the presence of so many unknown auditors, the only interruption I offered to his eloquence was, in an occasional enquiry, as to the number of leagues we might probably count from Casin, and the fare we might reasonably hope to meet with, when at length, we should reach that stage of our journey, points upon which, however, I could obtain no positive or authentic information.

As the half-way house between two of the most populous and wealthy cities in the empire, notwithstanding the sorry treatment I had, in common with many more, experienced at the *Venta de Veger*, and other *ventas* in the province, was naturally calculated to awaken, I certainly did so far “lay the flattering unction to my soul,” as to anticipate something better of the *Venta de Casin*. The delusion, however, was less permanent than agreeable,—

“sweet not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;”

for, after all, my acute sensorium was greeted with the conductor's welcome shout of arrival, only in aggravation of the disappointment that was immediately to follow; inasmuch as we had scarcely alighted and reached the threshold of that establishment, when, in answer to our anxious applications for refreshments and beds, we were informed, and without apology, that it afforded neither the one nor the other.

A *cuarto* above the stable, was pointed to by the index of the landlady, as the only one dedicated to the use of strangers, and enfeebled

by previous indisposition, long fasting, and the harassing effects of a cold and sleepless night, I urged no objection to the proffered accommodation, but proceeded with my somnolent companions to the apartment assigned us—a common corn-loft—and, there abandoning myself to all the miseries of such a situation, I stretched my exhausted frame upon the floor, and dozed till sunset, an interval of twelve or thirteen hours, when the note of preparation conveyed by the trampling of mules, and other noises, peculiar to a posting yard, apprized us of the return of evening, and that the *galera* was again about to be put in motion.

The second night of our excursion passed off almost as heavily as the first, no incident or accident occurring to disturb its monotony and gloom, unless, indeed, I except an idle controversy that sprung up in the earlier part of it, between a young man and a rather elderly woman—the former belonging to Cadiz, the latter to Seville—touching the comparative merits of their respective cities. The superior advantages of each were as warmly insisted upon by the one as denied by the other. The lady evidently expected, by the alacrity with which, when the occasion arose, she proceeded to repel it, to hear something advanced in disparagement of Sevillian beauty, nor was she long kept on the tenters of suspense, for, before the more substantial questions for discussion were fairly launched, her opponent—incidentally, as he pretended, and in order that he might not forget it—took credit, on the part of Cadiz, for a distinction in this particular, conceded as he said by Seville herself and every city, town, and village in Spain besides. His claims to pre-eminence in behalf of his native place, were, in other respects, ridiculed as extravagant, absurd, and untenable, but not as absolutely offensive: his boast, however, of the superior attractions of his towns-women was a cut that went to the very quick, and brought upon him a burst of invective that put an immediate stop to the dialogue. The sneer with which the discourteous expressions of *tonto*, *bruto*, *animal*, and the like were delivered, was so exquisitely comic, that its parallel is scarcely to be found even in the humours of a Hogarth, and those who were present to witness it, could no more refrain from laughing, than Æneas and his companions at the figure cut by the heroic Nisus, on his defeat in the foot-race, when, in evidence of his fall and the consequences attending it,—

———— “*faciem ostentabat, et ndo*
Turpia membro fimo;”

or poor Menætes after his ducking on the same occasion,—

———— “*removentem pectore fluctus,*”

The young Gaditano was clearly the aggressor, and, considering the provocation he had offered, richly deserved the chastisement inflicted upon him, particularly as the *senora* was travelling with a *donzella* who might have challenged comparison with any other in the kingdom. Like Lalla Rookh, on her journey to meet her future husband Aliris, the young Andaluza had, in addition to her irritable duenna, a kind of chamberlain also in her suite—one little less important, indeed, than the critical and fastidious Fadladeen himself. A Feramorz might have been secured with at least equal advantage, for if the recitations of such a companion were found acceptable in the valley of Cashmere and on the waters of the Jumna, where all was aromatic, flowery and picturesque, they could scarcely have proved less so here in the rude, inhospitable regions of Granada.

A book is of little service on a rough, jolting road like that of which I am speaking; the lady did not, however, travel without one: she carried a single volume, and, understanding me to be of the nation of its author, caused it to be shewn me, for the purpose, I understood, of ascertaining if he were held in proper estimation in his own country. It proved, on examination, to be a translation into Castilian of the *Rasselas* of Johnson.

I may here observe that of the English language no more is known in Spain than of Hindoo in England: the prohibition of the use of our newspapers in that country, is nevertheless, not so rigidly enforced as may be generally supposed. The *SPECTATOR* and the *COURT JOURNAL* were regularly filed at one of the *posadas* I was in the habit of visiting in the south, and as openly read as the *Madrid Gazette*, the *Cadiz Diary*, or the *Seville Journal*, by the few that could understand them. They were, no doubt, suffered, rather than authorized, but certainly there was nothing clandestine or mysterious in the way in which they were obtained and used. These two prints, bold and independent as they are, have, at all events, access to the shores of Spain, but I cannot say that, during my limited sojourn in that kingdom, I ever met with any other, save a solitary double-sheet of the *TIMES* which was kept as a curiosity by a private caballero of my acquaintance.

Of the entire of the district we traversed in the course of this expedition from Malaga to Granada, I am incompetent—as it was in a covered vehicle and principally in the dark—to speak with confidence; it appeared, however, to be pretty well cultivated in such parts as were at all adapted to the pursuits of husbandry. In certain situations, indeed, it abounded in wheat and barley; and in the more immediate vicinity of Granada, the forests of olives were very extensive.

It is doubtless in the recollection of the reader that the Spaniards, in consideration of those important achievements by which their country was rescued from the tyranny of Bonaparte, awarded the author of them a portion of their soil. *La Soto de Roma*, a magnificent estate seated in the heart of that celebrated district called *La Vega de Granada*, or Plain of Granada, and within a league of the city, is the Strathfieldsay of Spain. The services of His Grace are gratefully remembered in the peninsula, a fact sufficiently demonstrated by the annual exhibition of his portrait on Palm Sunday, along with those of Ferdinand and his queen, in the beautiful little church of San Antonio at Cadiz.

Overtaken one morning by a heavy shower of rain, and seeking shelter in the door-way of a wine-house nearly opposite the principal entrance of the Cathedral of Seville, the landlord came up and invited me in—a civility which, as I thought it likely his conversation might render my detention less tiresome, I did not decline. He was evidently an intelligent man, and having been the day before at a *funcion de los toros*, or bull fight, I sounded him upon the merits of those abominable exhibitions. He suffered me to stigmatize them *ad libitum*, acknowledging that they were, indeed, as I described them, worthy of savages alone, and even went so far as to say that they were no less disgusting to himself than they were to me. One of the bulls I had seen despatched by the *matador*, first gored five handsome blood horses which were afterwards dragged with their antagonist from the arena, amid a loud blast of trumpets, and having mentioned this circumstance, he replied with a shrug, that on a former occasion within his own recollection; a single *toro* had killed no fewer than twenty-four! He praised the English sailors as the best customers that came to his vaults, remarking, that those of other nations sipped their wine by the glass, while they, with a contempt for every thing that was mean and paltry, invariably took it by the bottle. In answer to his enquiries whether I had lately seen the Duke Wellington and he were well, I told him I had but a few months previously sat near him at one of the London theatres, on which occasion he looked so pale and thin—for this was about the close of the Tory administration—that I was fearful the cares of office had operated injuriously upon his health. The Spaniard expressed great concern at the information, observing that—to pass over his extraordinary merits as a soldier, and the services he had rendered Spain in that capacity—his minor accomplishments, as a linguist and otherwise, had alone been sufficient to distinguish him from ordinary men. He was all activity and

health at the time he quitted the province, and it pained him, he said, to hear that his constitution exhibited symptoms of decay. I cannot give the noble Duke the precise address of this individual. I had no intention of writing when upon the spot, or I should probably have made a minute of it: let him, however, imagine himself standing at the door of the Giralda with the Archbishop's Palace to his left and the Guadalquivir to his right. The name of the street and of the man have equally escaped me, but if, in that position, he will look point blank over the way, he can scarcely fail to discover the house; and should his Grace at any time, when at the *Soto de Granada*, feel induced once more to extend his visit to Seville—for no doubt he has been there often—he may call on his Andalusian friend with a certainty of hospitable treatment.

The *Vega de Granada* is a large and pleasant tract of eight leagues by four environed with hills, abundantly watered by the Darro, Xenil, Dilar, Veyro and Monachil, interspersed with villages, and well planted with vines and other fruit-trees. In the final struggle between the Christians and the Moors it became the theatre of infinite bloodshed, as it was here that Ferdinand the Fifth planted his standard—here that after a series of battles fought *Marte Vario*, he at length, in the year 1492, delivered his country from the long usurpation of her invaders, and acquired for himself the imposing title of *El Católico*.

On our arrival at Granada, I took a hasty farewell of my several companions and made the best of my way to the *Fonda del Comercio*, where, by previous arrangement, I had agreed to meet a particular friend, who, in his impatience to behold the far-famed Alhambra, had left Malaga three days before me.

The eyes of the city were scarcely yet open, and willing to participate with the drowsy inhabitants in the luxury of a few hours undisturbed repose, I retired to the *cuarto* provided for my reception, thankful that my health would permit me to enjoy it.

Good reader, allow me in the meanwhile to pass you on to my friend below in the hope of meeting you again anon.

ON THE ADVANTAGES TO BE OBTAINED BY THE FORMATION OF SOCIETIES,

Especially for Literature and the Fine Arts, on an improved system.

THE advantages of the formation of Societies for various purposes has been so long and generally acknowledged, that they have now

been established for almost every Art or pursuit that admits of them. And yet it is surprising to see what vastly more extensive and important advantages they are capable of producing than they have yet done, at least in this country. To be convinced of this, let us consider what the proper object of their institution is. The object of particular societies, like that of society itself, is twofold: *sociability* and *production*. Man is by nature essentially a social being: he is incapable, with very few exceptions, of solitary happiness, and therefore society is a mutual benefit to all who share in it, excepting of course those who have such defects as to make their company avoided: and these are happily but few. Secondly, all productions of at all a complicated or extensive character, *can only be effected* by co-operation and *division of labor*. There is this difference however between society in the abstract and the formation of specific societies, that in the former case sociability is the principal object, and production only the secondary (inasmuch, as any rational and well minded person would rather have society without any possessions, than the possession of all the luxuries the world could give, in total solitude). But in specific societies, it is just the reverse. The *direct* object of their appointment must be *the furtherance* of some particular Art or science; or, at least, a *definite* object of some sort or other: and then the sociability arising from meeting together to discuss it, and from carrying any works in concert, is a subsequent advantage, and only accidental and secondary in the order of time and design, even though it should in reality be the most valuable of the two: just as the direct object of a painter must be the *production* of a picture, and not the *exercise* of his hands and eyes in tracing lines and color, although this latter may really give him greater pleasure than the sight and possession of the work when it is finished.

There is a third advantage to be obtained by societies properly managed, which though rather a result than an object, is perhaps of equal importance with the other two: the *opportunity* they afford to persons of moderate talent, who are excluded by untoward circumstances from literary or scientific society—perhaps from all society, of both *obtaining that*, and *turning their talents to account*. There is one class of persons in particular, to whom such establishments would be in the highest degree serviceable—persons possessed of ample independance, leisure, and a certain kind of talent, quite insufficient to bring them into notice, and even to produce any single work of value, but which would be extremely serviceable for producing works in concert with others; just as in Architecture, the Drama, and innume-

rable other Arts, the highest talent will be *totally* lost, if the person can find no one else to co-operate with him. Such persons also, like all others, wish for society, and especially that of persons of similar pursuits and character with themselves: and yet the laws of society naturally and properly prohibit any individual from introducing himself to the acquaintance of another, except in peculiar cases which scarcely ever occur: not to mention the difficulty or rather impossibility of such persons finding each other out. The consequence is, that many persons to whom their acquaintance would be a mutual gain, certainly to themselves, and very probably also to the public, must remain for ever strangers, from the want of any proper means of access: a circumstance the more vexatious from considering how slight, though insurmountable the obstacle is, and that the advantage sought is one that costs nothing.

To such persons, a Society established for the furtherance of some definite object (such as they excel or are much interested in) and rendered accessible to any person fully qualified for it, opens a door to all they want, and of which they must else remain deprived, namely, society, and the employment of their faculties to purpose. This too would probably furnish an object and resource to many an idler, who, either by his own fault or misfortune, has been thrown out of any regular line of life, a state that can neither satisfy the taste nor conscience of any rational being, though possessed of all the wealth he can wish for, and who might be transformed into a useful and respectable member of society at large, as well as of that society in particular.—*This* advantage of societies, it is true, is extraneous and accidental rather than directly an essential, and individual rather than public: which however will not make it unimportant to those who consider that the public is made up of individuals.

There is yet another consideration beside the *pleasure* of such societies to the individuals, and the *usefulness* of them to the public for the production of works, which is this: that the *faculties* of any person can hardly be cultivated to their full extent in solitude, or even in society that is wholly unintellectual. The former indeed of these evils (the deprivation of all society) when it prevails to any great extent, puts an extinguisher on life altogether, and this extreme is happily but rare, and can scarcely happen but by the fault, more or less, of the person himself: but the other it is to be feared is very frequent and unhappily may happen without any fault of his, just as readily as poverty or disease—indeed rather more so. The want of this may in some degree be supplied by books, though total solitude cannot: but even they are a very imperfect substitute for the excitement and improve-

ment produced by interchange of thought on a favorite subject, and the energy given to an individual by carrying on his work in conjunction with others. This is peculiarly the case with those faculties and pursuits which are of a miscellaneous nature, and hold a middle rank between the flights of original genius and the almost mechanical labors of science: such as philosophy, history, criticism, antiquities, and every thing that comes under the appellation of philology, besides much that does not come under that class, and belongs to general literature: in particular, every thing that affords opportunity for the exercise of taste and arrangement.

The peculiar advantages that a well managed society possesses for the *production* of works has never been yet fully observed. There is indeed, I believe, only one society (the Oriental Translation) that seems even to aim at all at this object: for as to the books published by most of them under the name of "Transactions," they seem rather records of their amusements, like those in Boswell's life of Johnson, than serious compositions. These advantages are both numerous and important. First of all, there are works of such extent as can only be accomplished by a number of hands: such as Encyclopædias, large biographical dictionaries, and many other works of that sort. Such works are necessarily divided among various persons, but this is generally done in a very imperfect and inappropriate manner. Secondly, it often happens that one work requires the combination of different talents, even where its extent is not too great for one; and thirdly (what is much to the same purpose) it often is the case that the same work, which if undertaken by a single person would be a toil and drudgery, and be done imperfectly after all, would when divided among several, be not only light and easy, but a positive pleasure to each, because each would have his employment in that department in which he delights. To give an instance; imagine a society of men of taste and learning wishing to give a grand and beautiful edition of their national poet—Shakspeare: a work that, to be done in perfection, requires a combination of such different talents as can scarcely ever be found in one person. The greatest of his editors (Johnson) has pointed out some of these in the prospectus of his edition, and vindicates the dignity of the office on that ground: yet he has enumerated but a small part of them.—Nay, even the successive labors of many great men on this fertile subject, being *separate*, instead of combined, have failed to produce any thing satisfactory: witness the *variorum* edition of the great poet, by the younger Boswell, in twenty-one volumes, which fully merits the contemptuous judgement, pronounced on it by a competent judge, the reviewer of Croker's Boswell in the Quarterly.

Besides, there is this wide difference between the mechanical and intellectual Arts, that in the former, each individual is best pleased to continue always in the exercise of the *same* work : which in the latter, he has a particular aversion to. And the reason is obvious : it is because the latter requires a higher order of talent, and he who possesses that, is naturally and justly dissatisfied at employing it on lower objects than he is qualified for. There are indeed exceptions for such works as either do not admit of a division of labor, or possess an *individual* interest, such as to make their author wish to do the whole of them himself. Both these qualities belong to all original poems : we never yet heard of an epic poem produced by a combination of geniuses who excelled in each branch of the Art : though it is true, as Johnson observes, that it (the epic poem) is the combination of the excellencies of every single department : and the same way with the composition of a tragedy (though the *representation* of it is a most striking instance of the reverse) : we never heard of a fine tragedy being produced by one author taking the plot, another the characters, another the arrangement, and a fourth the versification. The second mentioned quality, *individual* interest, attaches itself also to some works that do not *require* unity of authorship : thus Buffon and Maltebrun, were so engrossed by natural history and geography, that they were content to devote a whole life to one work, without desiring others to take a share of it. But this taste is by no means general. On the contrary, in all works of extent that *admit* of division of labor, it will generally, I believe, be found that men would much rather do them in conjunction than singly, and for very natural and rational reasons : first, a moderate degree of indolence or diffidence of their own powers, makes them shrink from large undertakings, except when they are stimulated either by the hope of money or fame : thus Pope translated the *Iliad* alone, but was very glad to get coadjutors for the *Odyssey* : and in both works availed himself of the services of others in the subordinate parts, reserving very little to himself but the poetry. Besides, to persons of a social disposition, literary projects (when they admit of it, and are such as can bring little or no *fame* to the writer) are, like other things, pleasanter to share than monopolize ; and call forth in a pre-eminent degree that peculiar pleasure which results from variety of means, all combined to bear upon one end—which is perhaps the very highest of all speculative pleasures. It is true that unity of *design* can only be produced by one mind : but when that is once laid, the *parts* can be executed by many, and perhaps better than by one, even if he had

the time to give to it. It were easy to give numerous illustrations of this: but the fact speaks for itself: it is sufficient to say in brief, that *there are many persons who wish ardently to see certain great and beautiful works accomplished, who are capable of giving the design of them, and would have great pleasure in taking a share in the execution of them: but who have not patience, nor perhaps ability, to take the whole work on themselves: nay who would perhaps feel that they were spending their life in an unworthy manner, in devoting the whole or the greater part of it to the production of one work, instead of exercising their talents on an agreeable variety of subjects. Lastly, there is a class of persons who are like limners that are excellent for drawing outlines, but want either patience or skill for filling up: in which case, two artists combined will produce a more beautiful work than either could do singly.*

I do not mean to deny that this division of labor, which in the mechanical Arts is an advantage, is generally a defect in the intellectual: that those works which an author has talent and industry enough to accomplish *alone*, will be better than those in which he is assisted by others: but that does not affect the question before us, which is *whether there are not many cases in which more perfect works will be produced by combination than without it:* and if so, it is obvious that this combination can be better effected by a society once established and recognised in the metropolis, than by the accidental union of a few individuals.

One peculiarly strong argument for the institution of societies of Literature and Art, (that is, for the *combination* of men of different sorts of talent) is the fact, that those very persons, who, from their enlarged and philosophical views, are the fittest of all for giving the outlines and directing the management of great works, are in general just those who are the *least* fitted for *finishing* any great work themselves: I mean not great in the idea or subject, but in its extent, and especially of such a kind as is complete in itself. For instance such a person would be of all others the fittest to give an outline of a universal history—or, to take the strongest possible instance, a universal Encyclopedia (not one on the lazy immethodical plan usually followed of mere alphabetical order, which can have no general plan, but such as the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, incomparably the best of them all, though still capable of much improvement) and yet this same person will be *much less capable* than many other persons, of writing any one of the departments of it: for instance, the history of any one nation in detail, though he might be able to give the best possible

outline, not only of the general arrangement of the *whole* work, but also of the arrangement of each *separate* department. Thus he would perhaps, *better* than any one else, give the *general preface*, both to the whole work, and to each department: nay even to the several branches of some departments, for instance, to that on history in general, and then to each single history, Jewish, Greek, Oriental, European, &c.

The fact is, so limited are we in our capacities, that not only is it prohibited to us to excel in many things, and only granted to us to obtain a *general* and superficial knowledge of things in general, along with a peculiar capacity for some *one* in particular: but it is not generally granted to the same person even to have a *peculiar* faculty for taking large and general views *along with* the power (or rather the patience, which want, however, amounts to the same thing in its effects) of producing a *finished* work in any one department of knowledge: that is, if it be of any extent. It is obvious to any reflecting person how much talent is thus *lost* to the world, just as it is obvious to any one even without much reflection, how entirely the highest talent in a prime minister, general, or even mechanist, would be lost if he had no one *else* to act in concert with him. And it is very strange that people should not yet have perceived that *just* the same advantage (in kind if not in degree) that results from the division of labor in the external world, *would* result from such division in the *mechanical* part of literature, science, and art. It were easy, if it were worth while, to multiply instances of this to any extent.

I shall conclude this subject for the present with mentioning one great radical defect of almost all the societies in this country—their being composed almost exclusively of *old* men, that is, of fifty and upwards, with a very few between that and forty. The consequence is, not only that any comparatively young person feels himself excluded, (both because he would be out of his element being alone among so many older, and still more because the exclusive society of old persons is always melancholy to young) but also that those persons have neither the length of life before them, nor, even while that lasts, the energy and liveliness of the young and middle aged, and therefore, must be less likely to originate and produce any works of much value to the public. It is true that when persons have *begun* this course of life, in due time, they may then *continue* it, and with spirit, to the end of their life: (for the whole of life may be aptly compared to a fine drama or epic poem, in which nothing need be lost, but every part from first to last may be so filled as to accomplish

its *proper* end) but there is generally something melancholy in a person *beginning* a new pursuit late in life (unless it either has a reference to what is beyond, or is destined to produce some *serious* good, not mere amusement, to the after world).

Lastly, what is perhaps the most important consideration of all, it is impossible to conceive any thing more calculated to excite the *spirit* of improvement, than a society of persons, at once in the full vigor of life and maturity of intellect, with enthusiasm heightened by sympathy and emulation for originating great and splendid plans of perfection, and kept alive by having a well grounded hope of their accomplishment; instead of being checked by the freezing thought that all such visions are merely Utopian, having no means of being realized, and that all the labor that a fond enthusiast may bestow on them is but a vain delusion and waste of life; which may expose him to ridicule while it can give him no satisfaction, and had therefore better at once be relinquished.

SAMSON AGONISTES; OR, VANDYKE IN VINCULIS.

In vain we ponder—Who can tell
The feelings that inspire thy breast?
Who can the untold daring guess,
That makes thy panting bosom swell,
As round thee a dark cloud doth rest
In all its gloomy awfulness?

CLARKE.

To the graphic hand of the venerable Northcote is ascribed the portraiture of a "Disappointed Genius."—I too am a Genius—I am a Genius in fetters—a "Prometheus vincetus"—a Lion snared—an Eagle chained.—I have long waited in the vain hope that a more able chronicler might be inclined to record my ineffectual aspirations after immortality, and, at length, in despair of attaining such distinction, am fain to take the task upon myself. My exordium may possibly appear, at first sight, somewhat paradoxical and anomalous, and I therefore premise that those circumstances, which I doubt not render me an object of envy to one sex and of attraction to the other, are to me a source of disquietude unceasing and of discomfort unspeakable.—I have the misfortune of having been born to competence and gentility, and am, unluckily for my present happiness, son and heir

to a country-gentleman of ancient family and extensive possessions, whose name has shone unsullied amid the records of the county, and whose estates have descended unencumbered from father to son, ever since the arrival of William the Conqueror. Concerning the exploits or deeds of arms of my ancestors, the records aforesaid are judiciously silent, and for aught I can find to the contrary, their antiquity and wealth are their sole recommendation, as I can no where discern other than that they ate, drank, and slept like other men, and, on the termination of a peaceful and inglorious career, were buried successively and uninterruptedly in the family vault beneath the mouldering chancel. And such, too, might be my tranquil lot, had I been of like metal with my worthy progenitors; but I am uncertain whether a star of malignant aspect presided over my birth, or whether, like the changeling in *Gay*, some evil minded Fairy purloined the genuine scion of the family tree and substituted me, a valueless graft, in his stead. Had I been blessed with brothers, I might, like *Esau*, have transferred my birthright, not, however, "for a mess of pottage," but for the enviable privilege of being the architect of my own fame—for the acquisition of wealth I have the most genius-like contempt. With my anxiety for distinction, I have, notwithstanding, a constitution of the most peaceful temperament, and know not the vivifying effects of the "scarlet fever"—the varying scenes of a sailor's life are to me unattractive, and to "big wigs," shovel hats, and aldermanic honors, my repugnance is about equal. Had my headstrong course carried me towards either of the pursuits above-named, it is probable that my inclinations might have been gratified—but alas! in an inverse ratio to the ancient pride and modern gentility of my haughty family has been my contumacious and intractable ambition. I have ever aspired to be—an artist! How this desire of artistical glory could be awakened in the mind of one living far remote from every exciting cause, and in a place too where the society of kindred souls was unattainable, where frigid ceremony, unbending dignity, or fox-hunting associations acted as perpetual repellants to proficiency in refined pursuits, remains an enigma not to be solved, a mystery not to be developed. Such is the strange perversity of fate, which ever delights in apparent contradictions and whimsical vagaries—in raising to heights of dazzling grandeur and extensive power those whose titles to such distinction are shallow and unstable as the sand—in retaining in adamantine fetters the daring souls and finely tempered spirits, which are every way calculated for the highest offices in her arbitrary court.

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Similar to the expansive power of freezing fluids, which, with a force irresistible, shiver asunder the vessels that confine them, are the occasional instances of those mighty spirits, which, though chilled awhile and numbed to icy torpor by the cold breath of neglect and scorn, suddenly assert their innate vigor and burst through every barrier that would arrest their progress. Would that such had been my career! While roaming sadly and slowly around the paternal domains, how often in the frenzy of my feelings do I wish that I possessed the secret of Fadlallah, in the Persian tale, that I might exchange souls with the plough-boy at the team, as talents such as mine would then be cherished as a curiosity and bruited as a wonder, while the love of novelty and the pride of a patron would combine to start me fairly on the high road to excellence. Now the gift of genius is a perpetual blister—a consuming canker—and I am aware that my sullen looks and discontented physiognomy render me an object of suspicion or compassion to all around me, more especially to my poorer neighbours, who universally wonder " what can make the young Squire so unked like."—From my earliest recollection I have had an unconquerable attachment to that divine Art, which enables us, as by magic, to embody our otherwise evanescent ideas, and to clothe the " dry bones" of fleeting thought with flesh and sinews. In short, my soul was moulded and tempered as the soul of an artist, long before I knew the name, though I candidly confess, that, with many of the requisites I have more of the failings of genius. The pages of literature were in my boyhood so far from being attractive to me, that it was only by pictured alphabets and illustrated tales, that I was induced to ascend " the ladder of learning." When these were liberally supplied, my progress in initiatory studies was proportionably rapid, while, with a pencil and such relics of paper as I secretly cribbed from my copy-books, I endeavoured, though at first with a trembling hand, to give form and fashion to my own conception of the text. Standing, as I did, somewhat in awe of the paternal eye, these precious scintillations of talent—these precocious breathings of an infant genius, were either, soon after their stealthy execution, committed to the flames, or securely laid aside to be gazed at in secret as ill-gotten treasure. In like manner, my more advanced studies were pursued with interest only so far as they supplied me

with food for my artistical ruminations and pictorial essays, and I sought for subjects, with insatiable avidity and delighted eagerness, in the ancient poet, the spirit-stirring historian, the tender or romantic novelist. I resisted with inflexible firmness the allurements and entreaties of my companions, who vainly essayed to lead me to manly sports, and was equally proof against the sneers of my elders, and the anxious admonitions of my dignified aunts, who appeared instinctively to dread, in their unworthy nephew, a daring innovation on, if not an entire defalcation from, the hitherto uniform course of ancestral honor. Proud in conscious genius, I bore these and like insinuations with the patience of a martyr and the philosophy of a Stoic, and, as soon as it was possible, withdrew to the library, where, seated at a respectful distance from my worthy tutor, who, Dr. Orkborne-like, was wrapped in thought profound and lost in literary reverie, there, I say, in the society of my books, my pencil and my paper, I tranquilly spent the long evenings, remote alike from the social joys of the festive board on the one hand, and the petrifying ceremony of the stately drawing-room on the other. Little did I regard the conviction that I was looked on alternately as a fool or a madman, while I sought and obtained consolation in my day-dreams of ambition and night visions of glory, and as the establishment unanimously bore testimony to my peaceable and innocuous disposition, I was ultimately permitted to indulge my wayward fancy. At length, on a gloomy day in the month of November, I caused a general panic, by placing to dry before the ample fire in the hall a head of colossal dimensions and awe-inspiring features, wherein, with the ambition of a Tyro, I had endeavoured to combine the attributes of Jupiter, and which, with a diligence yet more laudable, I had managed to compound from untempered and intractable yellow clay, from a rich vein in a neighbouring horse pond, whence, by little and little, I had brought it to my laboratory in the lumber room, aided only by a stable boy, whom I had bribed to my assistance. As a delinquent I was speedily sought and summoned, to the tribunal of justice; and when, splashed with clay and pale with fatigue and anxiety, I appeared before the assembled conclave, I was at once pronounced a fitting inmate of the asylum for the demented. The verdict given, I was prohibited from the future pursuit of such studies, and, smothering my pride and genius together, I retired speechless. Nothing daunted by my first disappointment, when the stunning effects of the blow had a little subsided, I despatched my trusty Mercury to the little town of ——— for paints and brushes, but being wholly ignorant of the existence of the useful class denominated

"artists' oil and color-men," I made application to my father's painter and glazier, and, with the flaming colors supplied by him, and on a board saved from the wreck of an old painted wheel-barrow, I created, but secretly and slowly, my first picture. Dreading interruption to my enterprize, I executed the daring deed at "midnight's mirk hour," when all save myself were locked in the arms of Somnus, and working, as I did, like a mole, in obscurity, aided only by a dark lantern, that I might guard against surprise, I can only wonder that the result was even as favorable as it proved. I triumphantly completed my first essay, which was an undoubted libel on "the human face divine," and, to evince my powers as a painter, then made a dash at the semblance of a sun setting in wrath. I had always delighted in romance and mysticism, and I verily believe that the secrecy and difficulty, the caution and care, requisite in my proceedings, enhanced the pleasure attendant on them threefold in my estimation. In due time I surprised the party assembled round the breakfast table, by requesting their inspection of some curiosities in the library. To their astonished eyes, on entering, I pointed, on one side the head of a Turk, dark, gloomy, and mysterious as Blue-beard, and furthermore endowed with a complexion like that of a patient in the spotted plague; and on the other an ocean of ink, over which gleamed the sun with his orb as fully displayed as a spread-eagle, with the hue of a fury, and the visage of a demon, while round him floated clouds on clouds, bearing, in shape and texture, a near affinity to masses of wool from the bailiff's black ram. In utter defiance of every law of perspective, aerial or linear, were the component parts of this delectable "composition," although it cannot be denied, that it bore strong promise of embryo excellence. I shrunk into myself, like a snail into his shell, at the shouts of laughter, excited by the luckless productions of the luckless artist, while my quivering heart flew into my throat, and there remained poised in a fluttering struggle for life or death. There was, however, I gratefully observed, one member of the party, who mercifully refrained from joining in the ill-timed mirth. This was a young man, a stranger, but himself an artist, who had come into — shire, for the sake of studying its picturesque beauties, and was at that moment a chance visitor at — Hall. Mr. — with a calmness and kindness for which I was most heartily beholden to him, enquired the name of my instructor and nature of my models, and learning that I was altogether dependant on my fertile brain and presumptuous vanity, he pointed out to me with candor and gentle-

ness wherein my many faults lay, and urged so generously and earnestly my undoubted claim to the title of genius, that my father at length consented to follow his advice, and placed me under the care of a skilful professor of the graphic art, whom Mr. — strenuously recommended, and who forthwith commenced attendance on his enthusiastic pupil.

(*To be continued.*)

A NEW THEORY OF BEAUTY.

THE following observation, may perhaps be not only amusing to the theorist, but of some practical use to the painter in varying the expression of the human countenance, and distinguishing the different classes of character.

It is a singular circumstance that in no species of criticism have fewer *beautiful* remarks been made than in "theories of beauty," which are for the most part remarkably uninteresting; such for instance is the article on that subject in the supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, said to be by the former celebrated editor of the Edinburgh Review. The cause of this is simply the endeavour to go deeper into the enquiry than the subject admits of: to treat the matter metaphysically instead of poetically and critically. If, setting aside this laborious trifling, we confine ourselves to considering the elements of beautiful forms, and in particular in their most perfect instance, the human female countenance, we shall find *two* original and distinct sources of beauty, each perfect in its way, though the one is vastly superior to the other,* the *straight line*, and the *curve*. There must indeed be *something* of the latter, if not of the former, in every beautiful countenance: but still one or the other will be found to predominate very visibly in every case. What is further remarkable is, that in general, where one feature possesses either of these characters in a strong degree, all the others do the same: and if they do not, there will be a want of symmetry in the countenance: thus a perfectly straight upper half of the face with a curved lip or chin, will be out of character. This distinction is visible in nearly every feature: forehead, nose, upper lip, and chin. Of these two, the straight line constitutes by far the highest kind of beauty, whether in woman or man, and also the highest kind of genius. This is particularly observable, in that in-

* Madame Pasta's well known character of Mile. Sontag will explain the compatibility of these two assertions.

stance, where both these last mentioned qualities are required in the highest degree on the stage. It will almost invariably be found that the curved line is deficient in expression; and, therefore, though it might appear perfect elsewhere, is defective here, where it is necessary to *express* a particular character or passion.

After making the above remarks, I met with the following of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Northcote's life of that great painter and philosopher, Vol. ii. p. 55.

"Grandeur is composed of straight lines.
Gentleness and elegance of serpentine lines."

The observation stands insulated as I have given it, so that it has no reference to any particular object, but it seems as applicable to the human countenance as to any thing else: perhaps more so, as it never occurred to me, in reference to any thing else, before I met with that passage.

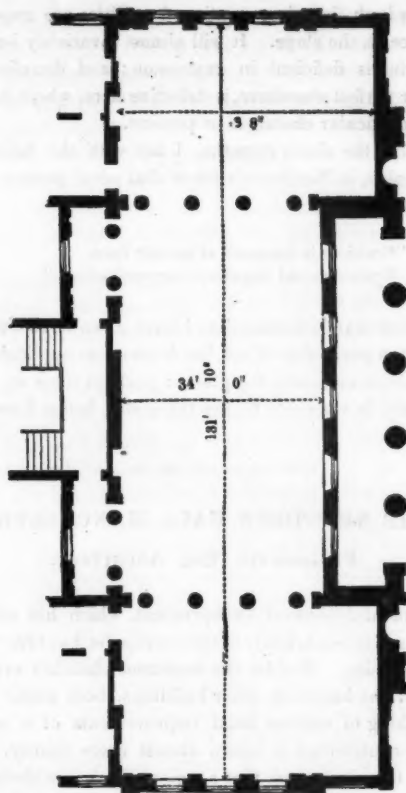
CLIO.

THE NEW TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER.

F. GOODWIN, ESQ. ARCHITECT.

THE spirit of architectural improvement, which has of late years manifested itself so remarkably in the metropolis, has been by no means confined to London. Besides the numerous churches erected in various parts of the kingdom, other buildings, both public and private, —to say nothing of various local improvements of a more general nature, have contributed to adorn almost every county. So greatly indeed have they increased, that a series of only the choicest of them, would suffice to form a rather extensive publication, which—supposing the idea to be ever adopted, might be entitled, "*The Provincial Architecture of England.*" Very certain are we, that some of the recent structures of this class, would furnish very superior subjects to those which constitute by far the greater portion of the volumes of the *Vitruvius Britannicus*, or which are to be met with in the *New Vitruvius Britannicus* of Richardson.

Among the structures which deserve to be represented in a work of the kind just alluded to, may be reckoned the new Town Hall at Manchester, the richness and elegance of whose interior are in keep- with that of its Ionic façade. This last, the disposition of which will be better understood from the plan (showing the upper range of windows)



than by any description of ours, exhibits not only a very beautiful specimen of the Ionic order, but an equally tasteful example of the Ionic style. All is harmonious and consistent, nor is our admiration suddenly chilled by finding parts consisting of far meaner alloy mixed up with the refinements of Grecian architecture; things that may be compounded, although not combined together. Instead of trusting, as too many are apt to do, to such merely borrowed materials as columns—and those too, are generally applied after the most hacknied fashion—the architect has kept up the character of the style throughout; while in so doing, he has made his own originality the more manifest. Passing over many other circumstances that

might be dwelt upon in a more analytical critique on the exterior, than we can now enter into, we may observe that the application of narrow coupled antæ, as in this elevation, is a very pleasing architectural variety, producing a very high degree of decorative richness, combined with lightness, and conveying the idea of solidity with a character of delicacy; each pair of antæ and the space between them, forming, in fact, a wide pier. This mode is also productive of much valuable contrast, since, as compared with the individual antæ, the columns acquire greater importance. There is likewise another species of contrast thus obtained, namely, that between the narrow external faces of the antæ, and their sides towards the columns. Another particular to which we would call the architectural reader's attention, is the manner in which the extremities of the portico are made to recede within, beyond the antæ, which it is hardly necessary to observe, must be productive of considerable play and effect. Perhaps we might have omitted the apologetic formula in the preceding sentence, altogether, knowing as we do, how very little notice is generally taken of such beauties of mere *plan*, which, as is the case here, do not always appear in an elevation.

We shall now take our leave of the exterior, and proceed directly to the principal apartment or rather the triple saloon, shown in the wood engraving, and, as will be seen from that occupying the entire width of the front. Without sections it is impossible to do justice to the subject, there being so much varied beauty in the ceilings, such diversity of outline and design in the three domes, independently of all the rest, as to baffle any attempt of ours to describe them at all satisfactorily to ourselves. Happily the plan itself spares us the necessity of giving any account of the singular and highly pleasing combinations it presents, for a mere glance at it will shew that it would have been no easy task to explain it correctly—at least so as not to be misunderstood. It will be seen that there are two entrances from the principal staircase, opening into small loggias, each of which has a window towards a court, and therefore filled with ground glass, so as produce a subdued quiet light in those spaces. In addition to the advantage of the doors being thus screened from the room itself, these loggias assist the architectural effect very much, giving expansion to the plan, and great relief to the *elevation* of that side; while the columns there situated combine very beautifully with the cross colonnades, separating the end rooms from the centre one; as seen too in an oblique view from either of those rooms or divisions, their appearance is eminently picturesque. The columns are Ionic,

with fluted shafts, and very rich capitals and bases, and bearing an entire entablature finished in a corresponding style. The centre dome has a tambour surrounded by small columns of low proportions, with scagliola shafts, and simple foliated capitals. That over each of the other divisions has no tambour, and that portion of the ceiling, where these rooms are extended beyond the width of the centre one, is formed by a low arch enriched with coffers, some of which are perforated and filled with glass, painted to resemble those which are worked on stucco. Without some kind of drawing, it is hardly possible to convey any clear and satisfactory notion of the peculiar construction and effect of the two domes just mentioned. The opening in the ceiling is upon a square plan, with the angles just taken off. Above this plan it changes into a circle, with four low arches, whose archivaults are enriched with coffers, and their pendatives or spandrels with ornamental panels. These arches are filled up with glass, disposed so as to form a rich and elegant Grecian pattern; and serve to admit the light from the space between them and concealed windows in the roof. The light also passes through a series of coffers forming a circular border above the arches, and serving as a frame to a second opening, through which is seen a flattish concave ceiling or dome. This is of greater diameter than the aperture through which it is viewed, so that it receives a strong reflected light through the space caused by this difference; while the open part itself is entirely concealed. The design is as ingenious as it is novel; the forms employed and the style of embellishment accord perfectly with the rest of the architecture; and the effect altogether is highly pleasing, possessing light without glare, lightness without frivolity, and an air of subdued gaiety that captivates both the eye and the imagination.

Besides its architectural attractions, which those who have examined the building will hardly think we have at all over-rated, this noble apartment will be remarkable for the decorations it is receiving from the pencil of Mr. Aglio, who executed the altar piece in the new Catholic chapel Finsbury Circus, now engaged in painting the walls in fresco, a mode of embellishment very little practised in this country. The domes and their spandrels will be ornamented with allegorical compositions and figures; while the walls will exhibit historical subjects relating to our intercourse with, and our discoveries in, other countries. The size of these paintings, of course, varies considerably according to the plain surfaces left on the sides of the room. The two largest, therefore, will be those facing the chimney-pieces in the extreme divisions. That at the east end, represents the

interview between a deputation of English merchants, and Kouli Khan, Shah of Persia, who allowed our countrymen to establish a commercial connection with his dominions. The corresponding situation at the west end, is occupied by a painting intended to vindicate for Sebastian Cabot, the English navigator, the honor of discovering America, and shew him and his companions on their first arrival among the natives. Each of these subjects is continued on the return of the walls as far as the antæ; thus forming an uninterrupted scene in that direction, the effect of which as first beheld from the loggias, through the intervening colonnade, will no doubt be exceedingly striking; particularly, as the light will be thrown down full upon them through the coffers in the arched part of the ceiling before described.

Besides these, and other subjects not yet commenced, there are many bas-reliefs, the largest of which is that extending over the five windows in the centre room, and which represents, in as many compartments, the Argonautic Expedition, as being typical of the advantages accruing from maritime skill and commerce.

We had written thus far, when we learned that the execution of these paintings were faulty, for although the general *coup d'œil* is sufficiently imposing, the subjects themselves will not stand the test of examination, the coloring being far more gaudy than rich, and the drawing negligent and incorrect. One fault, too, which might have been avoided, is the too ostentatious display of architectural back grounds and accessories, the consequence of which is, that the real and the painted architecture interfere too much with each other. We regret that the report made to us should be so unfavorable, the more so as it comes from a quarter where there certainly exists nothing like a desire to decry Mr. Aglio's labors.

STANDBRIDGE HOUSE ; OR, THE WALK AFTER DINNER.

OUR readers may remember that in the third volume of this work, is an extract from an ancient author, which states that the father of St. Elfeda, whilom abbess of Romsey, "gave his mansion that he dwelled in, callyd Clare," to the celebrated monastery which has so lately formed matter for discussion in our former pages. It had often been to me a matter of deep interest to ascertain if possible, whether such

an edifice had ever existed elsewhere than in the brains of a monk ; and if so, whether it might not possibly yet remain in one of the many venerable specimens of domestic architecture, which are still extant in that neighbourhood. Having sojourned an hour or two with an old and early friend, and derived infinitely more advantage from his hospitable table than he possibly could from my society, we set off together in what might perhaps not unaptly be denominated an antiquarian hunt. Leaving the town of Romsey and its gas-enlightened inhabitants on our right, we shaped a course by the banks of the beautiful river Test, and at length dashed through the wood which crowned that portion of the uplands which surround its delightful valley. Our walk hitherto had been highly interesting ; we had, in the intervals of conversation, watched the gambols of the trout, as they sported in the well stocked river ; and we turned from the recollections of old Izaak Walton and the contemplative man's recreation, to gaze upon the long, narrow, early English windows of the venerable abbey which stood in the valley beneath. It was indeed a scene fit for the painter's eye ; there was a sort of monastic stillness in every thing, around which was soothing and delightful : here Gaspar Poussin himself might blamelessly have dipped his pencil, and the diversity of hill and valley dying away, as it were, in the distance, the brightness of the verdure and foliage already bursting forth into life, would have given ample occupation for that clever old Dutchman, Adam Pynaker. How exquisite, how delightful too, was the season of the year ! we seemed to look upon life as renovated and refreshed, and rejoicing in our strength we prepared ourselves even as " the giant to run his course. "Well might that beautiful poet Guarini, when he saw

———" the beds of violets blue
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
And heard the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
When the dappled morn did rise."

Exclaim in language too exquisite ever to be despised or forgotten,

" O ! Primavera, gioventu dell'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori.
Tu torno ben, ma teco •
Non tornanno i sereni
E fortunati di delle mie gioje."

The influence of Spring upon us is indeed delightful as it is wonderful, for it differs from all other seasons in regenerative joy and gladness; in Summer our satisfaction is of a more matured nature, for we have reached the acme of perfection: Autumn is perhaps delightful, but its pleasurable features are similar to those with which we look upon a beloved friend from whom we are about to part, perhaps for ever, for who shall tell what Winter may bring forth? Winter, whose icy grasp benumbs the genial features of the year. Winter, during whose dread reign we tremble and grow pale, when we hear the storm king ride forth upon the blast. But Spring! how beautiful, how delightful does she appear before us as

— She leads

Sweet Flora, Goddess of the meads,
In whose bright smile, as on she presses,
Each field resumes its gayest dresses.
In whose bright path as forth she goes
Upstart the lily and the rose,
The cowslip and the heather-bell
Where loves the moon-eyed fay to dwell.

Let but the heart be free from pollution and all must rejoice in the presence of the beautiful. Man when at peace with his God, himself and the world, rejoices in the valley, and the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He seeketh not the vain applause of his fellow worm, but having performed his higher duties, thinks it no degradation to fall back within himself, and heedless of the observation of the supercilious and the ignorant, can perceive, aye and can feel too, delight when he sees

— by Fancy led

The turf where Ariel lays his head,
Where round their king, old Oberon
In mystic dance the fairies run;
And the green ring whence pigmies glance
Like moonbeams from the steely lance.

Such are the inspiring properties of Spring, nature is as it were re-animated, and the very mind of man is revived and purified. Of this one proof only need be adduced. Can we doubt that the glorious poem *L'Allegro* owes its origin to the influence of this season; when its immortal author, Milton, wrote at the early age of twenty, a latin elegy to welcome her; or can we for one moment be sceptics of the power he confessed, when he says

— “ nobis redeunt in carmin avires,
Ingeniumque mihi musnere veris adest?”

and who so cold who does not follow him, and share a kindred feeling when he reads,

" Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Per vagas nubes corpore liber eo—?"

Yes, Spring is indeed delightful; and it is pleasant to wander, as we did, "by hedge row, elm and hillock green," to mark each venerable oak, and the antient vestigia which gradually announced the presence of the mansion towards which our steps were directed. Our path lay through a kind of back-lane, with a pond on the left hand, and ever and anon as we passed, might be seen, amid the intervening foliage, the light blue smoke curling up from its grotesque chimnies, into the expanse of heaven; "Well"—said my friend on our arrival immediately before the house, "what think you of Standbridge?" a single glance was sufficient to enable me to answer him. The front appeared originally to have consisted of a centre and wings; the latter protruding very little from the main body of the building. One of them has been destroyed, and there appears now to the eye of the spectator a massive stone front, having five antique and curiously ornamented gables, amid whose decorations the *fleur de lis* predominates. The windows were massive and plainly spoke the date of their erection, being in what antiquarians denominate the Elizabethan style, which were adopted in the reign of our virgin Queen. The entrance was by a curious porch, having seats on each side; and we "tired upon the pin" for that admission which had been granted to many, who have for ages been silent and at rest. The interior is highly interesting, on the right is a large and antient hall, now in much confusion, and evidently deserted; but the Sylvan insignia of "the antlered monarch of the waste," thrown negligently on a shelf, the curious and ample hearth, together with that well known though indiscribable appearance, ever the attribute of the abodes of the olden time, seemed almost to re-people the room in which we stood with antient forms of its former inhabitants, in all the pomp of buff coat, steel-cuirass, helmet and golden spur. The kitchen is the portion most interesting to the antiquary, being not only the oldest portion of this venerable building, but proving the justness of its claims to have been the residence of some distinguished individual. Local tradition asserts this house to have been the abode of the Saxon king Ethelwolf, and although such assertions must always be received with caution, there seems a probability of truth in the present instance; for Egbert, king of the West Saxons, was succeeded, after his amalgamation of the se-

veral states which formed the heptarchy, by a monarch called Ethelwolf, who reigned from 837 to 857, a few years prior to its present foundation. From its approximity to Romsey, I was inclined to imagine its possible positive identity, with the mansion alluded to at the commencement of this paper; but no portion of the house, now existing, will warrant us in assigning to it a higher antiquity than the time of Richard II. The kitchen, as before observed, is the most antient portion of the building, and was evidently in former times the chapel; this fact its perpendicular windows and richly ornamented roof fully demonstrate. The latter is very remarkable, being composed of wood divided into compartments of a decorated character, and having at the intersections of its divisions, curious carvings of angels, flowers, and fleurs de lis. I was much pleased with a brass ornament (a fleur de lis) which reflected great credit on the industry of its burnisher, though I would have preferred it in its dirt of ages; it had no doubt formed a portion of the ornaments of this once richly ornamented chapel. Our kind host, though professedly unaware of any history particularly connected with his mansion, informed us, that many years back a body had been dug up in the centre of the kitchen, and transported to Winchester, whence an account had been remitted to his family by some antiquary of that day; but where it was, or in what it consisted, he did not then remember.* Having passed round the house, and admired its secluded situation, and complete concealment, amid doddered oak and lofty branching elms, whose tops were populously inhabited by those hereditary antiquaries, the rooks, wheeling and sailing among their nests with all the delight their free born nature gives them, and, by their noisy vociferations, arousing in the minds of their auditors those meditations which ever accompany

“ The arched walk of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak.”

We adjourned to a parlor on the right of the entrance, possessing the same quiet and antique attributes of the other portions of the building. The hearty laugh, and jocund song, again floated around walls, which had often re-echoed the merry fits of former days; and Sir Walter Raleigh himself might have been frightened had he seen the smoke of the Caribbean weed, as we lighted our cigars by the brands blazing on the antique dogs in the fire place, and quaffed copious

* Can any of our antiquarian friends in the neighbourhood, or at Winchester, afford us information on this head? EDITOR.

draughts of "spicy nut brown ale." Blest moments of peaceful happy retirement! how delightful is it to indulge in you. Here in that happy hour, no care intruded, no anxiety interfered with the social converse and happy indifference, which filled every chasm, until

"The glowing embers through the room
Taught light to counterfeit a gloom."

And the approaching darkness warned us that the time of our departure was at hand. We rose to make a reluctant farewell, and as we passed the front court of the house, I almost imagined the very peacock had imbibed the hospitable spirits of his master; for, as he stood on one leg, one might have fancied that he extended his claw in token of good feeling and amity, had not its subsequent connexion with his pole assured us that however our hearts might have been warmed, his beat in its usual and undisturbed course. Our route homewards differed from that of our approach, and lay along a dark green lane. The sun, sinking rapidly beneath the horizontal line, was faintly reflected against the polished bark of the beech, and the moon triumphing in her temporary superiority, streamed through the yet thinly foliated trees in floods of soft and attenuated light, beautifully contrasting with the darker portion of the landscape, which at intervals, some fleeting cloud, veiling the earth from her beauty, would throw into temporary obscurity. We had proceeded some way in silence, each dwelling on the loveliness of the dimmed landscape before us, which would have required the refined genius of a Camphuysen adequately to have delineated, he indeed, might have expressed its truth and nature, and the scarcely-to-be-distinguished objects had each formed its true position on such canvass as his, while the tender softness which pervaded every thing around, had been all but identified in the masterly productions of such a hand. We had, I say, proceeded onwards for some time in silence, only interrupted by occasional exchange of sentiment on the goodness of that being, who made the Sylvan shade so lovely a contrast to the busy hum of the crowded city, and whose voice is heard amid the quiet of the groves.—"These have I made that thou shouldst rest and be at peace"—when the tender "*sweet sweet, jug jug, jug*" of the nightingale, burst upon our ears followed by that rich bubbling sound which

"With the long swelling note, so truly timid
So clear, so pensive, charm the very soul,
And fill the heart with a rich ecstasy."

It was indeed a song sang "in her sweetest saddest plight;" it was that beautiful bird,

"Who shuns the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."

whose lovely notes were resounding through the quiet woods and thrilling through our enraptured ears; it was

"The nightingale who on the bloomy spray,
Warbled at eve, when all the woods are still."

and poured forth her vesper hymn, in "native wood-notes wild," to the God who made her: and such, thought I, were the sounds that enraptured the heart of a Milton, it was thus perhaps, and on such an evening, when all around was calm and tranquil, that he addressed the lovely songster;

"Jam Philomela, tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus."

It was too, perhaps, under such a shade as this, that Virgil heard the long and melancholy notes which suggested those delightful lines in the fourth Georgic, so expressive of all that is melancholy, desolate, and mournful:

"Populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis lata loca questibus implet."

How! Great poet, might you not have listened to the melancholy bird, and left her, and the lovely grove which she had chosen for her abode, as we did with regret, and pondering on the awful question—if such be our sorrow at leaving a spot and objects to which we may possibly return, what will those feelings be when the world and her beauties shall be about to close upon us at once and for ever. But enough, we left Philomel in her loneliness, and having crossed the bridge, and looked awhile on the moon beams dancing on the waters, as they glided swiftly over the scaurs, we entered the town of Ramsey, and having reached the point of separation, shook hands and bade each other farewell, as the heavy record of midnight swung slowly and solemnly on the breeze from the ancient tower of its stately and venerable abbey church.

ROMESIENSIS.

ANCIENT PORTRAIT PAINTING.

In July 1442, an embassy was sent to negotiate a marriage between King Henry the Sixth; and one of the daughters of the Count of Armagnac. Thomas Beckington, the king's secretary, afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells, and known to posterity for his architectural skill and refined taste, as manifested at Wells, was one of the ambassadors. His Journal during his mission was published a few years ago, * and, among much important historical and antiquarian information, contains the earliest and most interesting notices of portrait painting which have yet been discovered.

The ambassadors were directed to cause portraits to be painted of the Count of Armagnac's three daughters "in their kirtles † simple, and their visages, like as ye see their stature, and their beauty, and color of skin, and their countenances with all manner of features," which portraits were to be sent as soon as possible to the king, to enable him to select which of the ladies was most agreeable to his taste. The artist employed on the occasion, was called Hans, but his other name is not mentioned. He accompanied the ambassadors from England, and, on their arrival at Bordeaux, he was immediately dispatched to Auxerre, the residence of the Count's daughters. In the letter of credence which Hans took with him to the Count's chancellor, the ambassadors stated that, as they could not go to Auxerre, "they thought it better, in order to shorten the business, that the three pictures or likenesses, ‡ should be sent to them with all speed: and that in order to insure the chancellor's attention to their immediate transmission, they had sent their letter by a man who was very able in these kinds of performances; § and they begged that opportunities might be given him from time to time, of working at the pictures, that he might be able to finish them without delay and return."

* Octavo, 1828. Pickering, Chancery Lane.

† Petticoats. Chaucer says:—

"Damoisellis two
Right young and full of semely hede
In *kirtel*, and none other wede."

Isabel, the widow of Sir John Boteler, complained, in the year 1437, "that she had been feloniously and most horribly ravished, and her naked, except her *kirtle* and her smock, led into the wild and desolate parts of Wales."

‡ In the original, "*picturas seu similitudines*."

§ "*Virum quidem in hoc genere satis instructum*."

On the 22d of November, the Count of Armagnac's chancellor informed the ambassadors "that the artist had arrived, and was every day diligently employed on his work: that such had been his zeal and assiduity, that, with the help of God, it was hoped he would quickly finish; that within three or four days, or little more, the first of the three portraits would be on the canvass *; and that the others would be completed with greater facility, as he would have the whole of the materials ready provided." A month afterwards the ambassadors wrote to urge the return of the artist, "as considering his long stay they thought his work ought to be finished:" and on the 31st of December, they repeated their request for his immediate return, "as they desired most earnestly to receive the likenesses." The Count of Armagnac replied to their letters on the 3rd of January 1443, and observed that "with respect to the artist, the great severity with which the winter had set in, had caused such delay in his work, that he had not been able to proceed so fast as was expected." Batute, the Count's chancellor, informed the ambassadors on the same occasion, that "Hans had finished one of the three likenesses; that from the great coldness of the weather, which prevented his colors from working, he could not finish it sooner, though he labored with constant diligence; that he had commenced the other two, which, with God's help, he would finish in a shorter time, especially if the cold subsided and gave him greater facility; but that he, the artist, had himself written to the ambassadors on the subject. I am," Batute added, "constantly urging his operations, and shall continue to do so, as there is nothing on earth I more desire than to see them completed, and as soon as they are, which will be shortly, he shall be sent back to you in safety."

Although early notices occur of "the king's painter," it is very doubtful if they mean more than the painter of houses, ships, &c.† and the above extracts afford, it is believed, the first proof of the existence of portrait painting as an Art, in this country, in the fifteenth century. Until the latter part of the reign of Henry the Seventh, slight faith has hitherto been given to any portrait as a genuine likeness; but the evidence afforded by bishop Beckington's journal on the sub-

* *Linthes impresserit.*

† In the 24th Edward III. 1350, Hugh de St. Albans, master painter of the works in the chapel, in the king's palace at Westminster, was authorized to arrest the necessary painters and other workmen, in various counties, to complete the undertaking. Thomas Gloucester was master painter to Henry the Fifth, and was employed on the hearse of his late father, Henry the Fourth. Many similar notices of an earlier period might be cited.

ject, imparts much greater value to the portraits which frequently occur in illuminated MSS. Mabusa, who lived in the time of Henry the Seventh, is the first artist mentioned by Walpole, or his recent editor, Mr. Dallaway. Hans was probably a German or Fleming; and from his being selected to paint the intended consort of the king of England, whose judgment was to be guided by the efforts of his pencil, as well as from the testimony borne by the ambassadors to his skill, it is certain that he must have enjoyed a very high reputation; and he was probably the Holbein of his day.

S. H. N.

ANTHONY CARDON.

ONE and twenty years have elapsed since the death of this clever artist and worthy man; but as yet the publications of the day have made no attempt at recording his life, proceedings and abilities.

Anthony Cardon, engraver in chalk or stipple, was the son of Anthony Cardon, a Flemish painter, who flourished about the year 1765, and was living in 1816; he was a native of Brussels, and studied at Rome at the same time with the late Nollekens; he passed some time at Naples, where he engraved some plates for Mr. afterwards Sir William Hamilton, the patronage of whom it is believed first brought him into notice; he also engraved George, Prince of Wales, in 1766, *Le Chevalier Verhelst*, *Le Bain*, *Rustique*, and the *Contract de Marriage*, both after Watteau.

Anthony Cardon, his son, was born at Brussels, in 1773, and became the pupil of his father. During the troubles in the Low Countries and in the time of the Belgic insurrection, he took refuge in England, in the year 1790, when he was only seventeen years of age; and we have often heard him dilate with the greatest humor on the appearance of his habiliments, among which his short sleeved coat was continually the amusement of John Bull.

Cardon brought with him to England an introduction to the late elder and most respectable Colnaghi, of Cockspur Street, who discovered the rising talents of our young artist, and gave him immediate employment. Finding he had, however, yet much to learn, he placed himself under the tuition of his friend the elder Schiavonetti, to whom he was ever strongly attached, and for whom he paid the last sad offices of friendship—and having engraved the portrait of a master to whom he owed all his celebrity as an artist—he followed,

with his only brother Nicholas Schiavonetti,* to an early grave. On the immediate arrival of Cardon in England, he was introduced by Mr. Ackermann the publisher, by whom he was afterwards employed, to Mr. Stadler the engraver, and, on the evening of the same day, to a company of foreigners who used to frequent the Thirteen Cantons, in Castle Street, Leicester Square, to eat *saur kraut*, &c. Cardon brought with him to this country his celebrated engraving of the Cat's head, but this production not evincing sufficient practice for a master, he took the advice of his friends and placed himself for three years under the tuition of his friend Lewis Schiavonetti, as before mentioned, and afterwards resided in Castle Street. Rising rapidly in his Art, full of the employment furnished to engravers of that day, portraits and other book embellishments, as well as productions in the highest departments of Art, he entered into a speculation of engraving large prints of our military victories, from paintings executed by Porter and De Loutherbourg. The anxiety and labor necessary to these great works probably shook a constitution which never appeared robust, and these exertions may have exaggerated the consequences of a violent cold, caught from sleeping in a damp bed at the Schiavonettis', at Brompton, where he had spent the evening, the night being too wet to allow of his returning home. His death took place February 6, 1813, at his house in London Street, Fitzroy Square, at the early age of forty, leaving a wife and five female children. He was buried in a vault at Paddington, belonging to the Gillows family, and which also enclosed both the Schiavonettis. Cardon rather wished for a son, to have been benefited by his experience and connexions, for he left no pupil of age or abilities to rival him in his Art.† He was an early member, if not a proposer, of the Chalcographic Society, and belonged to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts; from the latter, in 1807, he received their gold medal, for an engraving of the Battle of Alexandria, including portraits of the officers engaged in the expedition to Egypt. Mr. Rouw, the modeller, who attended Cardon during his illness with the most friendly solicitude, took a model of his friend's face after death, for the purpose of completing a bust of the regretted deceased. The

* Lewis Schiavonetti died at the age of 45, and his brother Nicholas at the age of 42, after a lingering illness; and his pupil Cardon at the age of 40.

† At the time of Cardon's death, he had with him, as pupil, Mr. John Carven, who received in May 1811, from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. a silver palette, for a drawing in chalk of a female head, after Raphael; we know not what progress he made as an engraver.

productions of Cardon are too numerous to mention. We have his first ornaments for card-racks, after Burney, engraved for Ackermann, after he left Schiavonetti; the first plate which Cardon put his name to was, "The London Cries," after Wheatly. His "*Marie Annæ Schatte*," after Vandyke, is a delicate production, and he himself thought it one of his best: he engraved numerous book-prints for Messrs. Suttaby and Sharp. "The Woman taken in Adultery," after Rubens, for the British Gallery; the portraits of Schiavonetti, Sir Joseph Banks, &c. &c. His portrait of the Prince Regent was the last plate on which he worked; some time before he died he requested that the copper might be brought to him to amuse his mind, he worked upon the head till fatigue obliged him to desist, and the portrait was afterwards finished by Mr. Scriven. Cardon occasionally engraved in line, as may be seen, we believe, in his "*Armour Bearer*," from Rembrandt, for the Rev. Mr. Foster's work; but his abilities in this style were not thought excellent by his brother artists. In return for his print of the Battle of Maida, after De Louthembourg, sent by him to the King of the Two Sicilies, he received a gold medal, accompanied by a letter highly complimentary on his talents; he also had in his possession several medals from the Royal and other Academies; and, when he first drew at Somerset House, received the high encomiums of Cipriani. There are two portraits of Cardon, neither of which have been engraved, in the possession of his relict, the first painted by Oliver and the other by Davis, painted some time after, and an admirable resemblance. Cardon was gentlemanly in his address and manners, warm in his expressions of hatred and liking, and in company withheld neither joke nor song to enliven his party; like most of his countrymen, he was a good musician, and happy was he when he could gain a friend who would bring his violin, and take part with him in any musical composition.

L. W. W.

LEAVES FROM MY POCKET BOOK.—SECOND SERIES, NO. III.

"Je dors par nuit, je rêve par jour."

Monkish Architecture.—Either more than ordinary obtuseness, or more than ordinary effrontery, must have dictated to such critics as Evelyn their vituperation of Gothic architecture, as monkish, gloomy, heavy, fantastic; while two of these epithets are far more applicable to the style which supplanted it. If of any species of architecture

at all, it may be asserted of that termed Gothic, that it is as much characterised by peculiar lightness, as any other single quality,—by lightness, occasionally carried to its utmost excess. It is marked also, in no small degree, by the sparkling brilliancy, and rich glowing dashes of light and color its effects;—certainly quite as much as by gloom. It is certainly favorable to shadow: yet that can hardly be a fault, because it is shadow which bestows a value upon light. Without it we do not obtain *brilliancy*, but *glare*. Shadow is not necessarily gloom in architecture any more than in painting; and if again, the style in question admits, where desirable, of positive effects of sombre gloom, this is rather a merit than a defect, inasmuch as it proves the extent of its powers; its effects of this kind being such as charm the eye, both of the poet and the painter. If exhaustless variety,—if imagination stand for any thing in architecture, those merits incontestably belong to that species which the school of Italian reformers and their echoes were too tasteless to appreciate, and which, as far as architecture can be so at all, is marked by poetry and soul. Had they given it a worthier rival,—had they pronounced it barbarous only in comparison with genuine Grecian architecture, it would have been more endurable; but Palladianism is a mere dwarf beside it—a *petit marquis* opposed to a Samson! What little puny, petty, pretty, *smirking* productions are those of so called “regular” architecture, compared with the works of “monkish” art!—very often tawdry, but hardly ever rich; not unfrequently bald and insipid, yet never simple or chaste. As to the charge alleged against the Gothic architecture, of its indulging in conceits, it would have come with a better grace from the followers of some other school than that which has dealt in the most frigid and outrageous conceits conceivable; distorting, or breaking every member, carrying fretter and flutter to the most nauseous excess, and heaping trumpery upon trumpery, until their fantastic clumsiness almost brings architecture into contempt, not as monkish but as being *monkeyish*.

More Skulls.—The bone-grubbers are now at work, it seems, with poor Burns’ skull, and trying to take the measure of his genius by that of his pericranium. Instead of a Pantheon to the illustrious dead, these fellows would prefer giving us a charnel house filled with corruption and rottenness. Were skulls to be valued according to their thickness, some of their own might prove extraordinary curiosities among the members of their own *fancy*.

Picture Galleries.—A public museum of Art, observes a German writer, should be to the entire collection, what their frames are to the

individual paintings—a splendid golden shrine, worthily enclosing it, indicating the value attached to it, and marking it out as something of especial value and note. Herein I agree with him; a picture gallery should be something more than so many large rooms capable of holding the collection. Yet we seem to think, that it matters not whether the apartments themselves be at all superior to a common auction room. It sounds very much like unanswerable good sense, to say, that we can very well dispense with the pomp of architecture and decoration, in such places, for we go, or are supposed to go, not to see fine rooms, but to look at pictures; and if the latter can be properly viewed, we need nothing further. Very true; but then, as we go to look at pictures, and not at picture frames, it might as reasonably be asked, why any expense should be incurred for the last mentioned item.

Considerateness for Posterity.—There is one thing for which the architects of the present day ought to feel grateful to their immediate predecessors; namely, for contenting themselves with adhering to one well beaten track, without stepping aside even for the nearest idea. Instead of being spendthrifts in invention, these considerate souls seem chiefly to have studied how they might best shift with the least possible quantity of it: and verily they have left ample mines of it quite undisturbed by them. Whether the actual generation will avail themselves of these unexplored stores, or will, in their turn, imitate the discreet frugality of those who went before them, would require a more prophetic spirit than I lay claim to, to predict. Inventive or not, some of them certainly are ingenious, for to have contrived as they have done, in one or two recent instances that might be mentioned, to avoid stumbling upon a happy idea, which seemed to come exactly in their way, is a proof of no small degree of that quality.

German Critics versus English Novelists.—What will Mr. Colburn say to some of the saucy German periodicals, which have dared to speak in exceedingly disparaging terms of such productions as Darnley, Mary of Burgundy, the Buccaneer, &c? These novels, says one critic, are so tiresomely spun out, and so tedious, that no one can get through them save a reviewer, who must read them *ex officio*; or some unhappy wight performing quarantine, or otherwise in durance vile, and accordingly glad to put up with any thing in the shape of a book. The authors appear to have studied nature in a mirror with an uneven surface: we perceive the same colors, but oddly patched together, and every object awry and distorted. These works

are mere compounds, wherein we have ingredients borrowed from Scott, Cooper, and Horace Smith, mixed up *quantum suff.* yet so unskilfully as to form any thing but a palatable dose.

The Fashionable and Unfashionable.—What is artistically beautiful can never become old-fashioned, its merit being altogether independent of mode. It may, indeed, cease to be fashionable, or it may never have been so at all, yet this is very different from being old-fashioned,—from having been in vogue, and so long in esteem, then falling into desuetude and contempt together. The fashions in dress, prevalent half a century ago, now appear preposterous; and why? simply because they were so, for there are fashions of far older date which we do not find ridiculous, nay, which are even graceful and picturesque, although none would venture to attire themselves in such exploded costume.

Discreet Preferences.—A staunch utilitarian would consider it an improvement to convert Milton's Eden into a kitchen garden, and the bowers of Armida into a turnip field. A sign-painter is with him quite as worthy of honor as a Raphael; yet even the sign-painter must yield the palm to the house-painter, the last being the worthiest of all. He professes to entertain more respect for a mere hewer of wood, than for Phidias and other great hewers of stone. Canova and Thorwaldsen are absolute no-bodies in his estimation, compared with Mr. M'Adam. They merely carve stone into figures of men and women, while the other pulverizes granite. The only carving indeed he has any taste for, is that species of it which is in request at the dinner table.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF JUDAISM.

SIR,

A correspondent in your number for September last, has given us a very interesting historical sketch, entitled, "Of Jews in England;" but carries his subject back, as I am led to believe, to too remote a period; where he infers that synagogues had been established, long previously to the introduction of, and served as *a means of propagation for*, the Christian faith. It would perhaps require little industry to prove that Christians first settled here—they have, at least, an earlier notice in history. The *first* authenticated instance brought forward by your correspondent, and which the learned author

of the *Anglia Judaica* candidly acknowledges to be the earliest mention of the Jews he could anywhere meet with, is in the year 740. Now, from the words of Tacitus, the first Christian of consequence may perhaps be identified in the wife of Anlus Plautius.

Pomponia Graecina insignis femina, Plautis, qui ovans se de Britannis retulit, sumpta, ac superstitionis externae rea Mariti Judicio permissa. Annal. Lib. 13, cap. 32.

The baptism of Lucius, a British king, is said to have occurred about the year 200.

The brick, discovered in Mark Lane, on which your correspondent seems to found his hypothesis, has proved a complete stumbling-block; which Dr. Toney, in a letter addressed to Dr. Rawlinson, June 18, 1744, attempted to remove. An extract is preserved in the *Archæologia*; and, with your permission, I will transcribe it.

— "And now, Sir, let me thank you for putting me upon looking into my history '*Anglia Judaica*,' as I am so vain to call it. It gave me an opportunity of making, what I think a curious discovery, relating to a piece of Roman antiquity found in London. I happened to cast my eye on page the fourth, where mention is made of the Roman brick that was found, about seventy years since, in Mark Lane. You know very well that the basso-relievo that is upon it, has been thought by all antiquaries to represent the story of 'Samson and the Foxes with Firebrands;' Mr. Waller and others are of that opinion; and, to solve the matter, suppose the Jews were in Britain in the time of the Romans, and that they brought them acquainted with the story. As Mr. Waller was a man of note, I was obliged to take notice of his fancy to prove the antiquity of the Jews in England; but declared I could not build much upon it at the time of my composing that page, but thought the basso-relievo related to Samson. But, on further consideration, a thought came into my head, that, when I was at school I had read much the same story in Ovid's *Fasti*. Upon search, I found it in the fourth book, from verse 681 to 712, and is without question the very thing designed on the brick; the maker of which, I believe, knew no more of Samson than of Deborah. You may see an account of this brick also in the preface to Leland's *Collect.* vol. i. p. 71."

This letter throws a clear and interesting light on this subject, and exposes the slender foundation for supposing Judaism to have been introduced anteriorly to Christianity.

I am, Sir,

Your's, with great respect,

T. M.

MANAGEMENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,

Having perceived that at the meeting of the members of the House of Commons, after the Easter recess, Mr. Ewart made a motion for an enquiry into the management of the Royal Academy. It must be a matter of the deepest concern and lamentation to every professional artist, unconnected with that institution, to find that so important a subject should have met with such formidable opposition from Mr. Spring Rice and others. To hear these gentlemen declare, that the Royal Academy was so perfect in its present government as to require "no improvement," must be, to even the most common observer, as absurd as it is *experienced* by the exhibiting artists to be unjust and untrue. Possibly a want of opportunity to fully examine and investigate the manner of arranging the pictures sent by different artists to the exhibitions at Somerset House and the British Institution, or misinformation from interested persons, may be the cause of these members of parliament's ignorance: but to those in the profession who *feel* the want of a more just and liberal system in the disposing of works of merit upon their walls; and the *selfish* conduct of the R. A's, they can tell best "how the shoe pinches." So much has already been said in your ably conducted and very independent Magazine (and indeed most other periodicals of the day that are true friends to artists) as to the disgraceful methods pursued by the conductors of these two national establishments, viz. the Royal Academy and the British Institution, particularly as regards the disposing of the works of Art sent for exhibition: I say so much has already been said upon the subject and so universally admitted to be correct, that a repetition is at the present moment unnecessary. But what I would beg to suggest to you, Mr. Editor, and to all artists both in the metropolis as well as in the country is, "That without delay, petitions be signed and forwarded to the House of Commons, respectfully calling upon the interference of its members, to enact some law for the protection of British Artists; and for a more just and equitable mode of exhibiting works sent to the exhibitions at the Royal Academy and British Institution. That as the present methods adopted by those who govern and direct these institutions, are such as do not afford a fair opportunity of having their works sold, or appreciated by the public, the consequence is that the genius and glory of our country is materially cramped and nearly destroyed, that they earnestly entreat an impartial scrutiny into its present systems, and a correction of those evils and abuses which the petitioners are confident they will find up-

on examination to exist." Something of this kind being done and numerously signed by the Artists (and we may be sure that will be most readily and heartily done) would find its due weight. In fact it is the only effectual means. The medical profession have obtained very powerful advocates in the Houses of Lords and Commons, and an enquiry into the evils and unjust systems of the faculty will no doubt produce a general benefit to them. Why then should our Artists not likewise succeed?—the object needs but a few spirited individuals to commence it, and the full accomplishment of the desired end is sure to be effected.

April 19th. 1834.

P.

THE FOREIGN FEVER.

SIR,

As this periodical is the only *legitimate* oracle of British Art, I am truly happy to perceive that you are undaunted in the performance of your duty, and cannot, therefore, refrain from expressing my approbation of the manly tone and equitable style in which the cause of our talented Gibson has been advocated. Cosmopolitism may be a virtue, but surely want of nationality is the reverse. Would that the continental mania were curable! We should not then have to sigh over the unrequited efforts of native genius. As matters are ordered in modern times, nothing short of the irresistible impetus of a quenchless love for Art, can, one would imagine, induce a man to encounter "the long, long hope, the sickening disappointment," which await him who enlists in her service, knowing, as does the English artist from sad experience, that the rage for the ancient and the alien will interpose to rob him of the meed to which he has so just a claim. Alas! for Old England! Have foreign idioms, foreign manners, foreign dress and foreign *talents*, the power so far to dazzle the eyes of a Briton, that his purblind vision can discern little or no beauty on this side the channel, while prejudice weaves the cobweb veil of neglect around the productions of his gifted compatriots? "O tempora! O mores!" It matters little whether it be the Dane, the Gaul, the Spaniard, or the Italian whom *our* patrons choose to foster, if it be to the exclusion of their rightful protégés. Heaven forbid that I should vindicate the antipathetical spirit of contempt with which in my boyhood Britannia regarded the mental attainments and corporeal capabilities of her transmarine rivals—when Frenchmen were frogs, and Italians macaronis—when the hatred of foreigners was inculcated as a virtue, and when as a child and a genuine son of John Bull, I vowed a never-end-

ing enmity to the stranger, with a fervent wish suggested on the spur of the moment by a Camperdown hero, "that I was old enough to stick through the liver and gizzard, all who interfered with my country and her interests." Those days of an almost justifiable bigotry are long gone by, and to them has succeeded a period of universal philanthropy. With the acknowledged infirmity of human nature we are ever "more prone to the extreme of evil than of good," and now alas! though "more in sorrow than in anger," does the Englishman of other times trace a daily increasing partiality for foreigners and their works. I would readily grant the full award of commendation to talent wherever it be found, but I would at the same time suggest that "Charity begins at home." Let us no longer overtly sanction the ridiculous theories of Winkelmann and Montesquieu, which we certainly, in too many instances, authorize by deeds, if not by words, but let us with British pride be true to ourselves and just to each other. Then shall we see, that despite the unfavorable latitude and the refrigerative climate, the flower of talent will bud forth in the vivifying smile of the Sun of Patronage, and that it will, when its drooping head shall be judiciously raised from the neglected parterre, blossom and bear fruit in its season "even an hundred-fold" It may not be irrelevant to remark, that as in the case of Canova and Gibson so it was with Vernet and Wilson, thus evincing, in both instances, that the generosity of these noble foreigners was equal to their discernment.

Were "Byron's monument" a solitary example, I should have been silent; as, with regard to him, his long estrangement from his country, and the concurrence of other circumstances render this case a less flagrant dereliction of national dignity. But I have no intention, while I wish to urge the claims of the living, to disturb, by a needless scrutiny, the ashes of the dead. Therefore "Requiescat in pace." I shall only add further on the Byron question, that Matthews, in his "Diary of an Invalid, mentions as by Thorwalsden "a bust of Lord Byron—a good likeness."

I now resign the lance to the hand of a worthier champion, and hoping that an occasional stricture in this Magazine may by degrees produce on our natural patrons, the effect of the restorative herb of Oberon, and

"undo
This hateful imperfection of their eyes,"

AN ENGLISHMAN.

THE LATE J. THURSTON.

SIR,

A series of papers "On the Genius of Stothard," has appeared in several consecutive Numbers of your Magazine. They contain some just and original observations, and pay a well-merited tribute to the veteran painter. But there are some remarks in the last paper of the series, which tend, in my opinion, to cast an undeserved slight on the merits of one, whom I am not singular in esteeming a most meritorious artist—I mean the late J. Thurston.

The author of the above named papers says: "Among the imitators of Stothard, the late Thurston endeavoured to adopt his style and manner, but it was only in the manner, not in the spirit of the artist." No doubt Thurston, like many others, improved his mind by the study of Stothard's works, but that he was a servile imitator, or deficient in originality, I most strenuously deny. He was, during his life-time, employed to illustrate books, to as great, if not to a greater extent, than even Stothard himself. Any one who is conversant with his designs, particularly those made for the various exquisite productions of the Chiswick press, will immediately call to mind a host of elegant embellishments which have never been surpassed for correctness and spirit. I would particularly instance a work, about which I lately addressed a few words to you, viz. *Puckle's Club*. The variety of characters to be here depicted, drew forth all the artist's skill. The clear way in which the story is told, the appropriate expression, the deep insight into human nature, which are here displayed, proclaim something far higher than the efforts of a mere imitator.

But the writer in your Magazine does not speak slightly of *all* the followers of Stothard, no, he owns that "some of the works of J. M. Wright and W. H. Brooke may be said to resemble those of our artist;" but adds, that "*they* cannot be termed imitations, *they* have a character of their own, bearing the stamp of genius." Far be it from me to deny the abilities of either of these gentlemen, but though there may be some resemblance between the style of Mr. Stothard and that of Mr. Wright, few, I think, will be able to discover in what points that of Mr. Brooke resembles either.

Neither of these artists are, or probably ever will be, half so extensively employed as Thurston was, or so universally popular.

I have hastily penned these few remarks, to vindicate the merits of an artist who I shall never cease to consider the prince of book illustrators.

XYLOGRAPHICUS.

ON THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND.

SIR,

I have often been surprised in regarding the works of our modern artists, at their seeming indifference to the beauties of England; indeed there appears a mania amongst them for dwelling on scenes in other countries, as superior to our own; for where we find *one* representation of our native land, we may see many others belonging to foreign parts. Again, read the works of the young poet, he will tell you of a splendid sunset, but not in England, no! no! it must be in Italy, nothing less would suit his exalted imagination, but why should this be? would not the eye kindle with more animation, and the soul be more warmed with enthusiasm, on hearing or seeing portrayed, the lovely scenes of our own country? To the heart of the patriot they will always prove the most interesting. I am not prejudiced I trust in my ideas, for I consider that the works of the Creator, wherever and whatever they are, must always call forth our admiration. But where we were born, and our feelings first cultivated to regard the beauties of nature, there we shall fondly turn to behold our brightest conceptions realized, and perhaps after travelling in search of new objects, in rapture exclaim with the poet, "England with all thy faults I love thee still." I was once in company with a lady who had visited Italy, I asked her what she thought of Lake Como, she replied, that "she much admired it, but she could not think it surpassed those of Westmoreland and Cumberland:" I loved her sentiments, because they coincided with my own. In a visit I made to Devonshire, how gratified I was by the beautiful landscape which surrounded me on every side, I was staying at a lovely spot in the south called Babicombe, there were but eight houses there then, and the sea had the appearance of washing completely into it, they being built in the form of a half circle round it; they were all separated from each other and erected in a most picturesque style, and although no ancient ruin was there to add to its effect, it was in every sense of the word, romantic; and as I stood watching the sun emerging from beneath the clouds that covered it, on a rock which the sea had left for a few hours dry, I involuntarily exclaimed, "can any thing surpass this." I am passionately fond of my own country, and think that which the eye has been most accustomed to, is generally the dearest. I was glad to find, in reading your Magazine, a very pleasing account of Romsey Abbey; although the glory of that massive pile has departed, it shewed that there are those who revere the ancient magnificence of which England can boast. And I trust we shall yet see that devotion to its scenery which so noble a land deserves of her people.

H. M.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, East.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

No. 9. *Children*—A. MORTON. We could wish to see Mr. Morton, a gentleman of undoubted ability, rely with greater confidence on his own powers. His pictures of late—this more particularly—evinced a want of originality, which argues too frequent a recurrence to the examples of another age. The children he has portrayed are pleasing little models, but the back-ground we cannot commend, for the simple reason, that it is too good—too palpable an imitation of Sir Joshua.

No. 42. *The Forest Pool*—R. B. DAVIS. A cattle piece, painted in the best manner of the artist, although slighter than some others he exhibits. We would ask him, if, like "the antler'd monarch" in No. 142, the cow on the precipice is also on the look out for sportsmen? She is gazing with some curiosity. No. 85. *Country Fair—the Jockey's Booth*, is another pleasing little picture of Mr. D.'s, forming a centre to the principal mantel-piece, but the best of all, where the figures are more defined, and better executed, is No. 239, *A Smith's Shop*.

No. 52. *Pembroke Castle and Town, South Wales*—E. CHILDE. A picture of unquestionable merit, but certainly not equal to No. 243, *River Seine*, by the same artist, which is the best moonlight piece in the gallery, and one of the very few moonlights that will bear examination; the trees, and every part of it, being touched with freedom and effect,

No. 105. *The Happy Gardener*—A. FRASER. A beautiful and poetical little scene of domestic enjoyment, in which the figures are introduced in Fraser's happiest manner.

No. 107. *View in the Town of Athens, Temple of the Winds in the distance*.—No. 483. *The Acropolis of Athens, from the Piræus Road*—E. F. GREEN. Pleasing views of two of the most interesting relics of antiquity, and worthy of places in the Exhibition, where they could be more conveniently seen. Mr. Green has several other pictures in the rooms, but they appear to us to be a little woolly.

No. 117. *Captain John Ross, R.N.*—H. HAWKINS. When the portrait of a James Smith, Esq. is thrust upon the attention of the public, as in the case of No. 210, the spectator, from the difficulty of

identifying an individual, with whose name he is so familiar, is but too apt to betray something of the impatience of Mr. Popkins in the farce. He may know Smiths enough in all conscience, but with regard to the Smith in question, though one of the Jameses, of whom he recollects more, in all probability, than of the Thomases or the Johns, why he cannot for the life of him determine which it is, and possibly quits the portrait, however admirable it may be as a painting, in utter disgust. But the very reverse is experienced in the contemplation of the bluff, sailor-like features of a man so eminent as Captain Ross; and accordingly, this characteristic representation of him enshrouded in snow, with his ship in the distance, can scarcely fail to prove attractive.

No. 152. *Chelsea Old Church*—T. CRESWICK. A clever little street view—the only one, we believe, which the artist exhibits. Sir Robert Peel saw its merit and bought it. No. 209. *Near Leytonstone*, by the same, is another landscape—a forest scene—in which the road passing through it, the trees and the herbage are painted with a facility, a richness, and a harmony of tone, which bespeak in the artist a just perception of the more delightful traits of nature.

No. 163. *Love me, love my Dog*—J. ZEITZER. A little picture indicative of the qualifications of the artist to undertake something of greater importance. We are puzzled by No. 178. *The fatal Combat*, and No. 354. *Home-bound*, which are so very inferior that we can hardly believe them to be the work of the same hand.

No. 173. *On the Banks of Loch Lomond*—P. H. ROGERS. Rather green and crude in parts, but, at the same time a very agreeable landscape, and, with a little additional labor, would be still more so.

No. 181. *The Hackney Coach*—J. HOLMES. An English Jarvey is so peculiarly circumstanced in life—"a man," as we often think, so much "more sinned against than sinning"—that we ever feel a sort of mischievous satisfaction in seeing the tables turned upon his persecutors—those litigious spirits who make it their business to drag him to Bow-street, to answer for all the little excesses of which he may, from time to time, be considered guilty. The temper of a hackney coachman, it is to be recollected, is exposed to many trials. In the summer season, and in the absence of a single fare for days together, there he sits on the top of Holborn-hill, or elsewhere, exposed to the irritating influence of a broiling sun, praying, as it is but natural that he should, though in vain, for a change of weather. His cattle are invariably cripples; his fares drunken, noisy and abusive, and generally parsimonious: how can we wonder, then, that an im-

patient, or even a vulgar expression should now and then escape him, or that, in his little calculations of time and distance, he should occasionally fall into error, and demand a sixpence more than is strictly his due? In the representation of a squabble of the nature alluded to, the artist has produced a work sufficiently humorous, though, as we hinted of Mr. Buss, he appears to be trenching somewhat upon the privileges of the caricaturist.

No. 191. *Turkey in Europe*—W. DERBY. The interior of a larder displaying all kinds of provisions is the subject comprehended under the above title. We have met with the conceit of "Turkey in Europe" before—in Hood, we believe—where it was sufficiently intelligible; but in the present case, we scarcely perceive its point. The pencilled imitations, however, are excellent, and serve to show that while, in the treatment of such matters, an artist may succeed to admiration, he may still feel himself as much at a loss in painting for expression, as in the choice of a title, for Mr. Derby exhibits several portraits, in which he has not acquitted himself near so well. We regret that this gentleman should have afforded the Old man of the Sea an opportunity of leaping on his shoulders, for once there he may find himself as much bothered to shake him off again, as did Sindbad the Sailor. The Commissioner, in allusion to his title, already remarks that—

—— "gentle dulness ere! loves a joke,"

and the best thing he (Mr. Derby) can do, perhaps, is to send him one of his nicest pictures before he exhibits further.

No. 211. *Portrait of Miss Emma Dyer* and No. 218. *Portrait of Master Harris*—MRS. J. HAKEWILL. *Post-mortem* likenesses, we presume, for they are of a green and sickly hue, and have exactly the appearance of corpses in a state of decomposition: still they are not wholly destitute of merit, which will be found principally in the expression.

No. 216. *Nightingale-lane, an approach to Holland House, Kensington*—T. C. HOFLAND. A pleasing transcript of a most picturesque spot. Hofland's talent is well known, and in pointing to this little picture, we think we do him no more than justice in pronouncing it one of his best. Had we before spoken of No. 28. *Landscape—Evening*, as we feel we ought to have done, it would have been in terms of almost equal approbation.

No. 221. *Boys at a Rabbit-hole*—J. W. ALLEN. A pretty little rustic bit. No. 260. *Woodcutters* is larger, and perhaps even better. Mr.

Allen's landscapes are among the finest in the room. His trees, and herbage, and banks, and sand hills are painted with a free and flowing pencil, but in the absence of more characteristic features about them, they fail to impress the spectator with so vivid a recollection of their beauties as could be wished. The tone, although perhaps a little too uniform as it is felt where they are exhibited in considerable number, appears to us to be regulated by a principle which in a picture of the size of either of the centre ones, would tell with a powerful effect.

No. 230. *Portrait of D. W. Harvey, Esq. M. P.*—E. H. LATILLA. The sketch of an eloquent and eminent man, and it is on that account chiefly that we notice it, for it hangs in the higher tiers and is consequently far beyond the reach of criticism, if not of recognition.

No. 246. *An old Windmill; A Sketch*—REV. T. J. JUDKIN. Of the few instances of unfairness to which we adverted in our introductory remarks, as here and there manifested in the arrangement of the Exhibition, this in the case of Mr. Judkin, is unquestionably one of the grossest; and, we regret it the more, as the Rev. Gentleman does not come anonymously and mincingly before us like a simpering Miss, in the conscious superiority of honorary rank, but openly and heartily as an amateur—a character he has long sustained with credit. Of the work in question, placed as it is in the "upper circle," we are of course incompetent to speak with critical minuteness, but, at all events, it has an air of ability about it which we think we cannot well mistake, and those of the members who have so *monotonized* the gallery by the obtrusion of their too numerous contributions, would have better consulted the joint interests of the Society by withdrawing a portion of them, than by the commission of an error so palpable as that which we have here detected—an error that may have the effect of bringing upon them the hostility of a talented and estimable man. The ex-officio advantages which they have secured to themselves in the constant intercourse they enjoy with the patrons of Art, should abundantly suffice, and in coveting more, they are but aiming at their own ruin. We would call their attention to the announcements of the opening of their gallery—that of the *Morning Advertiser* on the twenty-fourth, and that of the *Morning Herald* on the following day,—upon a reference to which, they will perceive that actuated, as we may presume, by a strong sense of individual wrong, the writers indulge in a strain of bitterness seldom equalled even in the heat of political controversy. The Editors of newspapers ought to receive the reports of inexperienced artists with the utmost caution,

but it behoves the members of the society still more to conciliate parties by a manifestation of self-denial little indicated, we confess, in those overweening acts so boldly alleged, for they must be well aware how vitally the circulation of such matter, and through such channels, must affect them.

No. 253. *The Higgle*—W. SHAYER. Mr. Shayer has numerous pictures in the gallery, and although many of them are painted on a larger scale, we select this as incomparably the best. It is equal to many of Cooper's, nor are we influenced in our admiration of it, by the circumstance of its being sold.

No. 266. *An Ancient Greek Sea-port*—W. LINTON. A fine sunny landscape painted with classical taste, and although very unlike that master in its general character, with a strong recollection of the golden tones of Claude.

No. 281. *Lear and Cordelia*—H. E. DAWK. Lear, indeed! poor wretch, he does look

"old and foolish."

but as for Cordelia, she is far otherwise, and has been painted with a degree of care, which, contrasted with the bold pencilling of the branches over head, is perfectly marvellous. The eye-brows and lids have apparently been struck with a pair of compasses, while the individual hairs of the lashes stand so exactly equi-distant one from the other, that they must have been measured off, like the parts of an inch on an artificer's rule, with the same infallible instruments.

No. 282. *Portrait of Sir Edward Banks*—MRS. C. PEARSON. We have already passed our encomiums on one of Mrs. Pearson's portraits, hanging in these rooms, and are of opinion that this is, in many respects, its superior.

No. 285. *The Mill*—F. C. LEWIS. For the reasons we have stated in our previous Number, water mills are ever rife at an exhibition, and accordingly Mr. Lewis must have one of them here, as well as Messrs. Stark, Stanley, and we know not how many others; nor is he willing to be behind hand with his rivals in point of excellence. His Mill is exceedingly clever.

No. 289. *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope*—F. STONE. Newton has followed Watteau, Boxall Newton, Stone Boxall, and somebody else will in all likelihood, presently follow Stone.

"Life's a whirligig
a twirligig,

And so we go round."

No one who has been in the habit of walking through the Strand, and admiring the gallery graces with which that thoroughfare abounds, will dislike the portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, though we cannot ourselves pretend to be of the number.

No 290. *Pamela giving up her clothes to Mrs. Jervis, before leaving the service of Mr. B.*—F. S. CARY. A picture displaying a good deal of artist-like feeling, but its merits are somewhat neutralized by its defects, as the figures are by no means equal in point of execution. *Speramus meliora.*

No. 308. *Pay-day*—GEORGE FOGGO. The moral of this small painting is rendered somewhat obscure by the unprepossessing aspect of the principal figure—that of a mechanic wearing a green shade over his dexter eye, whence we might suppose him to be addicted to drinking and fighting—as it seems incompatible with the good humoured and contented looks of the wife and child; but although the composition is highly varnished, and has something of the effect of a painting on paper, it is well worthy the attention of the connoisseur.

No. 316. *Fruit*—G. STEVENS. We would recommend Mr. Stevens to abandon the winged tribes, as less adapted to the genius of his pencil than the vegetable world. This group of fruit is the best production of his we ever saw. The vine leaves and grapes, however, are infinitely better than the peaches, to produce the gossamer-like effects of which, he must look again to nature. Let Mr. S. beware of the injudicious commendations of our twaddling contemporary of the POST, who sees perfection in every thing but the figure, and would fain persuade him that he is another Snyders. His game pieces are hard and meagre, and the most partial of his professional brethren will scarcely deny it.

No. 327. *A View of Lancaster from the Stone Quarries*—W. LINTON. A picture combining all that is admirable in the class to which it belongs. We are delighted with the scene, and, with reference as well to the subject as the execution of it, we should find it difficult to point out a landscape in the whole collection, that we would more willingly possess.

No. 330. *Landscape*—J. A. O'CONNOR. A little moonlight piece, hanging low, and so deep in color, as to defy our efforts to obtain a satisfactory view of it. No. 384. *Saarbourg on the Saar, Rhenish Prussia*, is in a higher key, but not so agreeable in tone as many of the works previously exhibited by this excellent artist. The water appears to us to be much too leaden.

No. 331. *Scene in the Church of St. Bavous, Ghent*—A. G. VICKERS.

A little insignificant sketch, not worth the trouble of hanging, and very properly posited on the floor. No. 350. *A Brig on the Margate sands; Boat getting out her Cargo* also by Mr. Vickers, on the contrary, is one of the cleverest marine paintings in the gallery, and occupies, as it deserves to do, one of the minor centres, though, being large, it has perhaps too great a preponderance of sky and water to be so attractive as it might otherwise have been. The situation of the brig on the Goodwin is well described.

No. 336. *Unloading a Barge*—F. R. LEE. Of the numerous pictures exhibited by Mr. Lee, as well at the British Institution as here, this season—and his pencil has been unusually prolific of late—there is not one besides to which we can refer with the satisfaction that we do to this admirable coast scene. The sea, the sky, and the figures are all executed with great ability, and a strong feeling for the simplicity of nature; nor will we dilute the approbation we have expressed of the performance, by recommending, in a crabbed spirit of critical fastidiousness, an alteration here, and an alteration there, for, in truth, we have nothing to suggest that could tend in any way to improve it.

No. 340. *Portrait of Sir John Cam Hobhouse*—J. LONSDALE. A correct likeness, we understand, of the ex-minister, but not so replete with those indescribable qualities of Art, those delicacies and refinements of the pencil, which impart an interest to a portrait beyond the identity of its features.

No. 361. *Sea view*—A. PRIEST. A painting of great beauty, for without being leaden and opaque on the one hand, or white and chalky on the other, as pictures of this class too frequently are, it presents to the eye of the spectator a scene in which it can recognise the "modesty of nature."

No. 369. *His Majesty's Ship Madagascar running into Malta Harbour*—R. B. BEECHY. A work of similar size, which is placed immediately in comparison with the preceding, and will serve to exemplify what we have just stated.

No. 372. *Portrait of T. T. Holloway, D.D.* An accurate likeness we dare say, but the hair is not so gracefully disposed as could have been wished, nor is the skin so fair. The hands are especially dark, more so we conceive than there could have been any necessity for, but the glare of conflicting colors with which the portrait is surrounded, must be injurious to its effect, and we have no doubt it will look extremely well in the doctor's parlour.

No. 379. *Hyde Park Corner*—JAMES HOLLAND. Of the many

promising painters who have made their debut at this gallery, which may be regarded as our real nursery of Art, Holland is among the foremost. We have already spoken favorably of a sketch which he exhibits, but this is a finished picture, and as the locality of which it treats must, as seen in its present state, be a matter of some interest to posterity, we should think the work would be peculiarly acceptable to the noble host of Apsley House, could he only have an opportunity of appreciating its merit. He has a fine collection, and though it be of the old masters, Holland would not be found to disgrace it.

No. 378. *Smugglers Resting*. No. 454. *Smugglers Quarrelling*—H. P. PARKER. Of these two pictures, it were hard to determine which is the more studiously and elaborately vulgar, and Mr. P. having been so long engaged in the contraband trade, we could wish he would now return to a more legitimate course of study. The woollen cap and canvass slops—objects far from embracing all that is elegant and picturesque—so eternally repeated, would bespeak a poverty of invention which an artist should be careful to conceal. We regret having thus to speak out, but occasions will arise when critics

—— “Must be cruel only to be kind.”

No. 386. *Temple of Antoninus and Faustina in the Roman Forum*. No. 428. *Claude Lorraine painting from nature, in the Campagna di Roma*—W. F. AYRTON. Two landscapes in the style of Calcott, and apparently worthy of a closer inspection than we are able to obtain of them.

No. 388. *Composition*—C. STEEDMAN. A little landscape of decided merit. The rocks are boldly and broadly treated.

No. 418. *The Weary Traveller*. No. 429. *Study from an East Indian*.—W. POOLE. Portraits of negroes, cleverly enough painted, but not so interesting as some negro children exhibited two or three years since, by, we believe, the same artist. Mr. P. will find it difficult—and it is for his regulation alone that we say so—to please a fastidious public twice in any way, but more especially in one and the same; and accordingly he must forthwith change his color.

No. 440. *The dying Patriot, a Sketch*—J. M. LEIGH. After the able specimens of portraiture which Mr. Leigh formerly exhibited at these rooms, we are somewhat sorry to see him shifting his ground and devoting himself to a branch of study which, in this luke-warm protestant country, meets with so little encouragement. Our churches and chapels, by a decree of the hierarchy, are closed against him, and were the taste of the age as favorable to his views as he and we could

desire, still who can prudently charge himself with the custody of those treasures of art for which his contracted mansion affords no possible reception? We do not speak of "THE DYING PATRIOT" as exactly of the class of pictures thus proscribed, but, like many others Mr. Leigh has exhibited of late, it is large, and therefore liable, however poetically conceived and skilfully executed, to much of the disadvantage we have pointed out.

No. 443. *A Portrait*—S. LAWRENCE. A pretty simple head of an exceedingly interesting child.

No. 444. *Scene near St. Albans*—MISS A. G. NASMYTH. Of the many clever landscapes with which the exhibition abounds, there are few more justly entitled to a moment's pause than this. The ramifications and foliage of the trees are painted with a freedom and richness that do credit to the name.

No. 455. *Lane scene, Morning*—R. BRANDARD. Another talented and pleasing little work in the same department.

No. 457. *Grouse*. No. 465. *A brace of Partridges*—S. TAYLOR. We confess we do not, in our perambulations about a picture gallery, always pay the attention we ought to these specimens of natural history, for although the fabrication of a fruit or game-piece is a matter that does not draw so largely on the intellectual resources of an artist as that of a figure subject, or even a landscape, yet it is about as indispensable in order to extend the variety of an exhibition. Mr. T. has half a dozen pictures hanging in different parts of the gallery, including the two we have named; these latter ones however, though but indifferent, may be selected as perhaps the more popular of them; for aided by the little very pardonable piece of pictorial clap trappery of a deal panel studded with knots and curls by way of back-ground, we perceived some ladies endeavouring by the application of their digits, to ascertain if the contrivance were real or artificial, yet without coming to any satisfactory understanding upon the point after all. They should have given the artist the benefit of the doubt by buying his pictures.

No. 458. *Making the Will*—P. F. POOLE. The coloring of this picture is exceedingly faint, and the story not very eloquently told. The countenances of the good old testator and the low shark of an attorney are well contrasted, but the indifference of the wife, as we take her to be, darning stockings, and the gesticulations of the figure at the door, we do not so readily understand. With all this, the picture has points about it which we are willing to accept as a guarantee of something better.

No. 469. *The Cobbler's happy moment*—A. FRASER. In the representation of a scene of familiar life, such as a poor artisan teaching his blackbird to sing, or a tipling cordwainer regaling himself over his tankard of porter—the subject of the present work—Fraser has scarcely his peer. In these performances he presents passages in the lives of the laboring classes to our view under the most agreeable form; for, although there are few persons of refined tastes that could endure to stop at a cobbler's stall to witness his excesses in reality, there are still fewer that cannot participate in his enjoyments through the purifying medium of Art. Interiors of painting rooms, however admirable as specimens of executive dexterity, or the harmonious combination of colors, being devoid of sentiment, do not interest us so much. “*The Cobbler's happy moment*” is a little picture of the Flemish school, and with the exception of a certain peculiarity in the flesh tints, which we consider a defect, one of the most perfect of its class.

No. 478. *Fruit*—W. A. CRABB. A very beautiful little dessert, and we do not exaggerate its merits in saying that, were Lance not the none-such that he is, the first named gentleman would not be the crab: on the contrary, he would rank, as he is entitled to do, among the most eminent of our imitative fruiterers: witness his pear.

No. 488. *Landscape*—R. CLARKE. A little way-faring scene of sterling merit.

No. 491. *Near Bonchurch, Isle of Wight*—G. SIMS. A bit of common very delightfully painted, so well indeed, that we greatly err if we do not here discern in the artist the germ of future eminence.

No. 544. *Waggoner at Lunch*, serves to strengthen us in this pleasing conviction.

No. 494. *Rosalind in the Forest of Arden*—J. BOADEN. The features of the “gentle Rosalind” want delicacy, and so we may say of the picture generally, which is too much loaded with color.

No. 517. *On the Marshes near Rye, Sussex*—J. WILSON. We have already borne our willing testimony to the general fidelity of Mr. Wilson's pencil, and the little scene here delineated, with which an occasional excursion to the southern coast has made us familiar, is another confirmation of the fact.

No. 535. *Scene near Ashburton, Devon*—F. W. WATTS. A Landscape carefully painted and strongly reminding us of the rich effects of nature.

No. 565. *A view of Caerphilly Castle, South Wales, from the upper part of the Town*—THALES FIELDING. To that numerous class of artists who delight in the wilder and more romantic forms of nature—

in the cloud capped peak, the bold head-land or super-impending cliff, the principality offers attractions in infinite richness and variety. The Highlands and the Lakes having engrossed so much of the attention of our novelists and our poets, their leading beauties have, through the medium of consequent embellishment, become as familiar to the public as the more prominent features of the Rhine; but with the scenery of Wales—a country comparatively neglected by the literary world—we are still as little acquainted, as with that of the two Canadas or Van Dieman's Land. The spot seized upon by Mr. Fielding for the composition of the subject under consideration, is not perhaps so picturesque a one as might by possibility have been selected, but it is the very reverse of common-place, and tending as it does to relieve the uniformity of the landscape department we consider it a contribution that should, were it on that ground alone, have occupied a more honorable post in the exhibition. Its title to this distinction however, appears to us to rest on something far more creditable to the artist, for although, in the treatment of the work, he has not acted up to those prescriptive rules of composition which would have regulated a more practised hand, yet we discover in every part of it so strong an indication of talent, that there is nothing of its class for which we may not hope at the hands of Mr Fielding at a future period. No. 254. *Fishermen*; *Scene on the beach, Margate*, is a subject he has less happily felt and treated, but in No. 267, *A view of Corfe Castle and Church*, which is a similar one, the ruined structure in the distance, the castle in the fore-ground, and the whole of the details are equally admirable.

No. 631. *Street scene, Clovelly, North Devon*—J. M. INCE. One of those little water-color drawings in which this artist so much excels. He has many more in the gallery still unnoticed, but to which we might refer with equal approbation.

No. 826. *Bust of Miss Bury, daughter of Lady Charlotte Bury*—R. C. LUCAS. A portrait in marble, executed with a purity of taste and a degree of delicacy that cannot fail to be gratifying to the accomplished authoress of "flirtation." No. 843. *A shade with Busts of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Ex-Attorney-General, Sir W. Horne*—By the same. Of the minute trio composing this learned batch, the portrait of the first is, as might be expected from the stronger marking of the original in nature, by far the most exact. Those of the other two are so much alike and unlike, that we scarcely know how to appropriate them.

No. 848. *Davie Gelatley*. No. 850. *Edie Ochiltree*—E. COTTERILL.

The talents of Mr. Cotterill, as a modelist, are of the first order, and in his personifications of these two whimsical characters, he appears to great advantage.

No. 852. *Daniel O'Connell Esq. M. P.*—C. MOORE. A little profile in wax, and a strong likeness of the *learned Agitator* of the *Sister Isle*.

No. 859. *Bust of the Lord Chancellor*—R. W. SIEVIER. In this admirable marble, the sculptor has so far modified the peculiarities of the chancellor's visage, as to render it less repulsive than it is in nature; and, as the identity of the features has been in no degree sacrificed in the process, Lady B. who, as we understand, before thought him handsome, will, upon the authority of the artist, now recognise in him a perfect Adonis.

We have still many performances of first rate excellence to remark upon, but we reserve them till we can have it in our power to do them more ample justice.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

IN resuming our critique upon the works exhibited at this gallery, we shall proceed with the pictures of an individual who gives fair promise of ranking very high in Art, and this at no very distant period.

No. 87. *The Hypochondriac*. No. 443. *Francis the First*. No. 519. *Snap Apple Night in Ireland*—D. M'CLISE. The picture of of "*Mokanna*," which Mr. M'Clise had in the last exhibition at this gallery, was considered quite a prodigy in its way, and we very naturally looked for something of equal merit in the present,—but though disappointed in this expectation, we find that he has essayed the powers of his mind and pencil in a new style of composition, namely,—that of a high and florid tone of color, and of which his admirers, though they may be few in number, are yet loud in their encomiums. *The Hypochondriac* is not a pleasing picture to look at. It treats of a wretched, morose-looking German student snarling in solitude, and although every part of the picture is finished off with a degree of care and a regard to minutiae worthy of a better subject; yet these redeeming qualities do not serve to dissipate our abhorrence of the latter. "*Francis the First*" is a work which will doubtless have many admirers among those, who consider a fine picture to be one that is covered with a violent glare of white, red, and yellow paint, that

makes the eye of the ordinary spectator ache to look upon—or one in which the artist hesitates not to outrage many of the domestic traits of nature as Mr. M'Clise (with a view to originality no doubt) has done in the present instance. At the first sight of this picture the eye naturally fixes on those two conspicuous figures—the Dwarf and the beautiful Female Captive—and these are, in our opinion, the finest bits of Art in the composition, the maiden more particularly, whose form and features are of the richest description—and, with the exception of the mistake of painting the *light* flesh tint of the cheeks with a chalky white, we have no further objection to urge to the general excellence of the figure.—The sleeping figure of the old mother is almost equally good; it is seldom, however, that we could sleep in calm and undisturbed repose, whilst one gets in at a window and another closes a door. The figure of Francis himself, is the most faulty of the whole: the proportion and coloring of his person, are both very bad. The page with his guitar, beguiling the young girl at the window, forms the third group in the canvass, and one with which we presume it would be deemed heresy in us to find fault. In speaking of the grouping we would say, that the maiden is placed too near the door, which itself is thrown too much in the fore-ground of the picture, and the suitor king seems pressing forward as much to overturn the sleeper as to whisper to the damsel. We have been thus candid in our strictures, for, considering the high rank which Mr. M'Clise has assumed in his profession, we trust, that, having been indulged in an unbiassed solicitude for the character and welfare of Art, they will be read with the same good feeling with which they have been written.

No. 93. *Decayed Convent of San Vivaldo, Tuscany*—W. SCROPE. We are not familiar with the works of Mr. Scrope, nor do we recollect to have met with his name in any former catalogue: we are willing therefore to believe that he is young in the world of Art, and, if so, we anticipate for him much future distinction. The present specimen of his abilities—a subject judiciously chosen—although it may evince some want of manipulative skill, is as feelingly and tastefully executed as the most impracticable critic could desire.

No. 113. *Draft Players*—H. PIDDING. A little scene representing a group of Chelsea pensioners, whites and blacks—an allusion, we take it, to those on the board—engaged in the harmless dissipation of their leisure. We are spared the necessity of enlarging upon its merits, for, the patronage of Art being almost extinct, it is enough to say that it is marked as sold.

No. 120. *Candebeec on the Seine*—C. R. STANLEY. A sparkling and vivid piece of coloring—the grouping in the fore-ground is very natural and effective, and the sunny aerial perspective is well understood.

No. 128. *A Cottage in a field of Corn*. No. 174. *A Heath Scene, showery day*. No. 329. *The Stour Valley*—JOHN CONSTABLE. We had intended entering at some length upon these three landscapes, particularly as we are aware there are many persons who affect to be insensible to their beauties, but the claims of more recent matter to our attention prevents it on this occasion—Constable justly prides himself on the originality of his pencil, for although Turner and Calcott may enjoy a larger share of popularity, we are by no means prepared to say that they are entitled to it. Turner has been pronounced another Claude, a circumstance which argues an approximation of his style to that of the great Italian. Calcott comes nearer to our own inimitable Wilson, though we have no intention of accusing either one or the other with the vice of imitation; our only object being to impress upon the minds of our readers, with respect to Constable, the perfect originality of his style. He transfers nature to canvass through a medium exclusively his own, and a most bewitching medium it is: but in viewing his productions it is incumbent upon us to withdraw to a point where the effect of them may be most powerfully felt, the eye that expects from them the smoothness of an enamel must, and ought to be disappointed.

No. 139. "*In meditation wrapt and thoughts of Love*"—MRS. C. PEARSON. A very delicate and beautiful portrait, and one that will add materially to the artist's fame.

No. 198. *Ducal Palace, Venetians Landing Spoils after a Victory*—G. B. MOORE. This is a fine and spirited composition—generally well painted and conceived with taste, but we could wish the water to have been one shade of green reduced.

No. 185. *The Hencoop*. No. 210. *The Perch Fisher*—J. INSKIPP. Two little rural scenes entitled alike to the minute examination of the artist and the connoisseur. Breadth of effect, brilliancy and harmony of color, delicacy of pencilling, and a strict adherence to the simplicity of nature, may be pointed out as their characteristic beauties; and these, forming together the very essence of pictorial excellence, are rendered but the more strikingly conspicuous by the extreme contrast of coldness, crudeness, and inartificiality of several of the larger compositions hanging near them. If the discriminating student will dwell for a moment on the works alluded to, and then again direct his attention to these of INSKIPP's, he can have no difficulty in coming

to a correct understanding of their respective merits. He will fail not to perceive that in the former there is a want of Fine Art, poetry and feeling, while in the latter, those qualities exist in the most exquisite degree. In the *Perch Fisher*, the artist has achieved certain effects of color which few would have attempted. The *Hencoop*, representing a peasant girl feeding poultry, is perhaps more agreeable in subject, but both of them are replete with character and power.

No. 213 *Anecdote of Milton*—W. BROCKEDON. This picture is clever: the subject is well conceived, the coloring bright, and the attitude of the figures easy and natural.

No. 276. *The Eagle's Nest*—E. LANDSEER, R. A. But a sketch—yet it is one displaying much power of conception and would make a fine subject for a picture.

No. 332. *The first of September*. No. 390. "*Master's out*." No. 428. "*Caught at last*"—R. W. BUSS. These pictures are amusing *jeux d'esprit*: the tale of each is well told, and the canvass well painted—but the first of the three is most to our taste.

No. 333. *Der junge Astronome*. No. 360. *Fruit*—G. LANCE. We spoke of the fine works of this artist in our last number, and much as we regret to see him resort to portrait painting, yet we must not withhold from him our tribute of admiration, at the skill and power he has displayed in the coloring of this portrait—yet we would rather always bestow our commendation upon his portraits of fruit and gems and jewels, in which department of Art it is but strict truth to say, that he stands unrivalled.

No. 361. *Oberon, Titania and the Indian Boy*—H. P. BRIGGS, R. A. We think we have met with this picture before, our eye again casually settled upon it and we could not avoid remarking to a friend that Titania appeared any thing but a fairy denizen of the woods and forests, for instance a cold pale-fleshed lady Titanianized for the occasion.

No. 220. *Rembrandt in his Painting Room*. No. 530. *A Page with a Macaw*—A. FRASER. We have retrograded a few numbers in the catalogue to notice the first of these pictures. There is much to admire in it, and many fine touches of Art, which we viewed with much pleasure. The light brown tint gives it a Rembrandt like hue, which we could have wished had not been quite so prominent. The second picture is one finely treated and painted with great power and effect: we like it the better of the two.

No. 366. *Coast Scene*. No. 379. *Harvest Field*. No. 486. *The Sidney Oak*. No. 498. *Landscape*—F. R. LEE. These landscapes

are in our opinion among the best in the gallery : they are strongly identified with nature, a source from which alone Mr. Lee appears to have gathered his materials.

There are yet many clever things which we would notice more at length did our time admit of it. We enumerated sundry names at the close of our last article on this exhibition of which we would fain speak in the highest terms, but for the reason we have just assigned.

In introducing the subject last month, we took occasion to offer some brief comments upon the defective method of hanging pursued at this gallery, and we must in proof of what we advanced, refer our readers to the relative situation of the pictures No. 437. 438. 443 and 450, that they may fully appreciate the force of our observations. The coloring of No. 450 we confess ourselves utterly at a loss to comprehend.

In the sculpture department we observed a beautiful figure of *Narcissus* by WESTMACOTT—a *Cupid* by PITTS—a bronze and marble group by ROSSI, and a “*Milton*,” and a very spirited *Group of Horses*, by J. G. LOUGH.

We thus bring to a close our criticisms of the works exhibited here, and have delivered our sentiments in that fair and impartial spirit which the subject demanded, remembering that the best purpose to which criticism can be dedicated, is that of instruction.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLORS.

ON Saturday, the 5th of April, we were present at the private view of the Third Annual Exhibition of this Society, at their rooms, No. 16, Old Bond Street, upon which occasion, the day being unusually fine, the attendance of visitors, consisting principally of the patrons and friends of Art and Artists was pretty numerous. The works exhibited amount in number to 369, and we have great pleasure in stating that the majority of them are extremely creditable to the talents of the respective contributors. We may find future opportunities of visiting the gallery and of commenting upon the various performances with which it is enriched : in the meanwhile we proceed to record our opinions of some of those which struck us, more particularly, in the first instance.

No. 7. *The Rustic Visionary*—W. N. HARDWICK. In the representation of the figure, this artist displays a facility by no means

common with water-color draftsmen, and accordingly the rustic here bodied forth—a kind of village Ophelia rambling in the wilds—is executed with much spirit, and what is still more worthy of approbation, with much originality also. No. 8. *Sketch of a Lady in an Antique Dress*, by the same artist. A study of character in a higher sphere of life, in the execution of which the same freedom of handling and the same originality of style are conspicuous. The lady is perhaps a little too tall, but we like her expression.

No. 12. *The Foreland, Lynmouth*—T. WOOD. A pleasing transcript from the bold and beautiful scenery of Devon. No. 127. *Lynmouth, (Evening)* by the same hand, is still more picturesque, and though the hill and the distance might have been a little bolder without injury to the effect of the work, or without detracting in any degree from its local identity, the performance altogether is one of the most meritorious in the room. The misty effects of twilight as seen in nature, have doubtless warranted Mr. Wood in the view he has taken of the distance, but still it does not appear to us to be strictly in keeping with the fore-ground. No. 80. *A Cavern on the Coast near Ilfracombe, North Devon*, by the same; is another very excellent little drawing, and as it often happens, was more generally admired than his larger pictures. No. 203. *An Interior*, also by Mr. Wood. displays talent of another kind: it is sober in tone, and so true to nature that we scarcely know how to give it sufficient praise.

No. 17. *A Plover, &c.*—G. S. SHEPHERD. In the portraiture of Birds and still-life Mr. S. is at home, but his street scenery and landscape scarcely please us so well. The little group here referred to, is admirable, but *Hollywell Street*, No. 22. *Drury Court*, No. 139. and *Mutton Hill*, No. 147. though bustling thoroughfares, are subjects which the charm of Canaletti's pencil could hardly have rendered popular. No. 76. *Still Life*, is beyond all praise, and we like No. 184. *The Stone Yard at Bankside*. We would recommend Mr. S. a little more mildness in the use of his pen-knife, particularly in his landscapes.

No. 28. *Jeanie Deans and her Sister*—MISS S. SETCHELL. The affectionate regrets of the two sisters at the approaching separation, are very feelingly and naturally expressed.

No. 29. *Coast Scene with Figures*—H. P. RIVIERE. A very creditable little picture. In No. 24. *The Nativity of our Blessed Saviour*, Mr. Riviere has been more daring though less successful. The latter is a composition in which the figures are made so completely subservient to the landscape, that we can scarcely regard it as an illustra-

tion of the passage quoted, or of any passage. The work is not entirely destitute of good pencilling, but the effect of it, upon the whole, is extravagant. In the distance, the Olives have the character of a pyrotechnical illumination, and in the fore-ground there is an indistinctness that brings the more distant objects too forward. Mr. R. should not venture upon the introduction of figures without further practice, for his shepherds are very indifferent, and his angel robed in pink descending from the skies quite *outré*.

No. 35. *The Vanquished*—J. M. BURBANK. The heron is well, but the plumage of his too powerful assailant, the eagle, appears to us to be much lighter than seen in nature, and wanting in richness. We recommend Mr. B. to look at the beautiful specimens in the British Museum, or rather the Zoological Gardens.

No. 40. *Scene from Moore's Lalla Rookh*—W. H. KEARNEY. The passage chosen by Mr. Kearney for illustration, as quoted in the catalogue, is far from—

—————"Level to our judgment."

and the version here given of it by his pencil is perfectly incomprehensible.

No. 41. *The Fable of the Monkey and Cheese*—J. M. BURBANK. The Monkey, it may be remembered, having been requested by two litigious Cats to divide a piece of cheese between them, undertook to reduce it to equal halves; but, affecting to be very scrupulous in the matter, he nibbled, first from one piece and then from the other, till he had eaten the whole.

In the illustration of this fable, the artist has invested Jacko with something of a judicial habiliment, which need not, we think, have been so warm in color, as it disturbs the harmony of the picture, and was by no means indispensable to the composition. The Cats, particularly the one in spectacles, as he seems to be, regard the rapid diminution of the disputed prize with an expression of wonderment that is very comic. No. 163. *Study of a Cat's Head*, same artist; No. 215. *The Favorite Cat*—J. A. CAHUSAC; and Nos. 227. and 277. *Studies of Kittens Heads*—J. M. BURBANK; have nothing very remarkable about them, except, perhaps, that they all look pretty fierce, nor should we notice them here, but, understanding there has been extensive ratting in the society, we are willing to point at the force that has been brought up to prevent the recurrence of so serious an evil.

No. 45. *Study of a Lion's Head, painted in the Jardin des Plantes*—J. M. BURBANK. A study of the size of nature, carefully, but not

so effectively painted as it might have been, with the aid of a bolder brush. The granulated or stippled texture of the work appears to us, like that of No. 198. *Satan calling up his Legions*, to be too mechanical. No. 59. *Study of the head of a Bull Dog*, also by MR. BURBANK. A work little to our taste, particularly as, with the large staring eyes of the animal, it has more of the character of a pointer.

No. 55. *Birds*—V. BARTHOLOMEW. A study of macaws in the best style of the artist.

No. 60. *Mill near Totness*.—F. W. WATTS. A delightful little work and superior to many of Mr. W's productions in oil; owing possibly to the more sober quality of his greens.

No. 61. *Roslyn Castle*.—GEORGE BARNARD.

No. 64. *Penryn Castle, Bay of Beaumaris, North Wales*.—D. FOWLER. Similar subjects, and, although differently treated, we may point to each as favorable examples of the respective artists.

No. 65. *Morning: View of the Port of Messina*—H. PARKE. A delightful view of a most interesting spot, and the glowing effect of a southern sun-rise, the medium through which it is represented, adds materially to its splendor.

Nos. 66, and 67. *Studies of Pigs*—J. THORPE. These studies are very cleverly painted, and we cannot conceive why they should be placed so low, unless, as we rather suspect, they were deemed too close an imitation of Morland.

No. 69. *Landscape composition*.—W. N. HARDWICK. Like all the rest of Hardwick's pictures, free in the handling and original in color, but, at the same time, cold and sketchy. No. 74. *Scene in St. James' Park*, by the same, a larger production and full of talent, though the effect of it is not particularly pleasing.

No. 72. *Totness, Devon*.—W. FOWLER. A little landscape, hung too much out of the way for minute inspection, and which we regret, as it seems to have something very good in it.

No. 78. *High Street, Lincoln*—THOMAS KEARMAN. A very hard and ineffective performance, but still a correct portrait of the place it professes to represent.

No. 79. *Views of Queen's College, from Sheep's Green, Cambridge*—C. WARD. As a picture, still less meritorious than the one we have just noticed, but in other respects its claims to attention may be said to be about upon a par.

No. 81. *Sandown Castle, Kent*.—A. G. VICKERS. One of the most attractive pieces in the exhibition. The castle and all the minuter objects in the distance are capitally pencilled, the black streak

running horizontally along the centre of the picture wants relief, while the waves in the fore-ground, which are somewhat leaden in color, though sufficiently natural, are a little too uniform—too sequent to be picturesque. The drawing in the corner, No. 70, *The Passage Boat on the Scheldt, near Antwerp*, is also clever, for it is simple, and the Dutch figures with their red draperies are favorable to the composition: the sky, however, looks washy and sketchy, and, for these northern latitudes, too strongly tinged with ultra-marine.

In the little work on the screen No. 263, the figures, and they are of the same character, are especially broad and picturesque: nor can we speak less favorably of No. 210. *A view on the sands, near Boulogne*, also by Mr. Vickers.

No. 84. *Winchester Cathedral from the ruins of Wolvesey Castle*. No. 145. *View of Linton and Linmouth*. These are the joint productions of MESSRS MAISEY and SHEPHERD, and very imposing compositions they are; the pencilling is rich and the coloring harmonious, while the surface of the paper is covered with matter of the most varied and picturesque description.

No. 85. *Near Brixton, Isle of Wight*. No. 92. *Scovelling*—H. E. DOWNING. A pair of landscapes which attracted great and well-merited attention, and met a ready sale.

No. 87. *A Brook scene*.—W. N. HARDWICK. Another scene of great excellence, though surpassed by No. 100, also by Mr. Hardwick, which is one of indescribable beauty. We think it but just to add, however, that the prevailing coldness of the artist's style was generally noticed.

No. 95. *Two studies on Child's Hill, Hampstead*—C. F. POWELL. A beautiful little pair.

No. 96. *Landscape with figures*.—H. PLATT. Light and original: the figures admirable.

No. 99. *Margate Pier*.—A. G. VICKERS. A little work, equal perhaps to either of those of the artist which we have already named.

No. 101. *Juliet*.—B. M. *But middling*. Such being our interpretation of those mysterious letters, we adopt it as a fair representation of the quality of the piece.

No. 104. *View from Mill Hill, Gravesend*.—G. F. PHILLIPS. A work of extraordinary merit, and scarcely inferior to the more elaborate production of this able artist, No. 108. *Coast Scene: Morning*. A brown landscape which had made us almost envious of those happy individuals whom fortune has blessed with the ability to purchase pictures.

No. 105. *Near Matlock, Derbyshire*.—C. MARSHALL. A gem of the first order, produced apparently without scratching or fineness of any kind, and were it ours we should prize it accordingly.

No. 111. *The Streamlet; a study from Nature, near Mortlake (Early Spring)*.—T. LINDSAY. A streamlet do you call it, friend Lindsay? Be it so, but, at all events, it is one which we would rather you should yourself slip into on a dark night than we. Our prejudices in this respect, however, touch not the merits of your picture, which is one of great excellence. The water is transparent, and the gyrations formed upon its surface at one part, and the reflection of the willows at another, exceedingly natural.

No. 119. *Guinea Fowls*.—G. LESLIE. Clever imitations of this delicate and inoffensive member of the feathered tribe.

No. 120. *Windsor Castle*.—E. DUNCAN. A correct outline of the royal pile, but the pencilling appears to us to be somewhat stiff and formal: The scratching upon the water too, is surely a little excessive.

No. 133. *The Fisherman's Return*.—H. PARKE. The splendor of an autumnal sun-set is here admirably described, and the work is in all respects worthy of attention.

No. 160. *Flowers*.—V. BARTHOLOMEW. Another of those clever imitations in which this gentleman so much excels, and No. 200, *Maidstone*.—A capital street scene—shews that he has the talent to distinguish himself in a much higher department of the Art.

Nos. 165 to 173.—J. B. PYNE. A frame comprising ten little landscapes of various interest and excellence, but the whole of them are inimitable, particularly No. 171, which is nature itself. We were glad to see that the pains-taking industry, and well-directed talent of the artist were properly appreciated and rewarded. Most of the sketches he exhibits found purchasers in the course of the day.

Nos. 188 to 191. *Studies from Nature*.—R. W. BUSS. Four sketches of rustic character, quite as much to our taste as the artist's drolleries in oil, particularly as they are freely and broadly executed.

No. 201. *Calais Pier*.—A. G. VICKERS. A very effective little composition: so are Nos. 209. *Entrance to Bologne Harbour*—and 210. *The Sands of Boulogne*.

No. 221. *Village of Kempstone, Devon*.—F. W. WATTS. A scene of much interest ably treated.

No. 234. *Homage*.—MRS. E. C. WOOD. A work that is well worthy of its title.

No. 239. *Fruit*.—G. LANCE. Natural as ever, but not very eligibly placed, the rear of the screen being rather darker than the reverse.

No 240. *Rebecca*—F. ROCHARD. Insipid and out of drawing.
No. 244. "*Her dark eye's charm 'twere vain to tell*"—An admission which disarms us.

No. 251. *The Widow*—C. HANCOCK. Very well though not original. No. 256. *The Pets*—A groom and his ponies—an exquisite *morceau*.

No. 270. *Village Sportsmen*—R. T. LONGBOTTOM. A donkey race between a couple of sweeps, whose attitude and expression are happily hit off.

No. 275. *Esther and Ahasuerus*—CAROLINE WATSON. A picture which pleased us exceedingly.

No. 285. *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope, after Sir Joshua*—G. R. WARD. A miniature, in which the power of the master has been most faithfully imitated.

No. 286. *Still Life*—G. PARRY. A perfect gem.

No. 287. *The Lesson*—No. 295. *Halt of Dutch Peasants*—J. L. COLLIGNON. Works of surpassing merit.

No. 291. "*Just Caught*"—W. SPRY. Mackerel and Gurnets painted to the very life. No. 302. *Flowers*—By the same. A specimen of rare and marvellous excellence.

Of the pictures hanging in the Ante-room, we are really incompetent to speak, so very gloomy and inadequately lighted is that apartment: we are disposed, however, to think favorably of No. 332. *Romeo and Juliet*—J. M. WILLIAMS. No. 338. *Views at Lynmouth*—W. FOWLER. No. 351. *Cottages from Nature*—W. H. PRIOR. No. 369. *West Front of a proposed Chapel*—R. E. PHILLIPS. and doubt not there are many others equally worthy of notice.

Studies from Nature, by J. INSKIPP, Plate I. Tilt, London.

Of the numerous publications which have from time to time come before us for review, we cannot say when we have met with one more fairly entitled to unqualified approbation than the present; the first, it appears, of a selection of heads by INSKIPP. Our readers are but too familiar with that class of subjects called fancy portraits, which have occupied the windows of our print-shops for some time past, but the plate in question, which is larger and about equally cheap—has nothing in common with any of these to detract from its general excellence. The sickening air of sentimentality which characterises the majority of the productions we allude to, has, by a rigid adherence,

to the "modesty of nature"—the artist's surest and safest guide—been happily avoided. The upturned eye, or the pouting lip, repeated even to loathing, "though it make the unskilful *grieve*"—to reverse the order of the well known passage in Hamlet—"cannot but make the judicious *laugh*;" and, to quote again from the same admirable text, "any thing so over-done as to be from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first was, and now is, to hold the mirror to up nature," is surely to be equally eschewed in Art.

As a faithful and beautiful transcript of one of the most pleasing objects in life—the bust of an unconscious and interesting girl, simply and tastefully habited in the costume most appropriate to her years—a work painted with infinite breadth and power, and exquisitely engraved (by Wagstaff)—as a study that should occupy a place in the portfolio both of the artist and the amateur, and as one admirably adapted to the purposes of the teacher, we can conscientiously recommend this little publication to the patronage of our readers.

MR. G. PATTEN'S *Picture of Cymon and Iphigenia*.

IF we meet with an occasional flower in the adust path of criticism, it is when (as indeed seldom happens) we can honestly dispense unmingled encomium; or dwell on the prospect of genius, bursting with giant force the gates of obscurity. In a pursuit, devoted as our own, to the interests of Art, such opportunities are peculiarly gratifying. The author of the work before us, has, indeed, already obtained honorable mention; but the present may be termed his first *grand* picture. The passage of Dryden which forms the subject, is in itself so rich and glowing, that to transfer it uninjured to the canvass, required no ordinary skill. Our artist has, we think, done more. Or, if this be too great a latitude of expression, we may at least say he has followed the spirit in preference to the letter of his author. For instance, the undoubted intention of the poet being to shew the sudden kindling of mental fire by applying the torch of love, he has but crudely illustrated the dawn of intellect by an idiotic grin. Mr. Patten has judiciously substituted the gaze of silent astonishment and admiration—this, which may be termed an improved reading, is highly creditable to the perception of the artist.

The composition is bold and masterly, the drawing vigorous and (with perhaps one slight exception) faultless; whilst the delicacy of the flesh tints, the rotundity of limb and the brilliance of expression,

combine to place this picture among the best specimens of the English school.

The painting will be found in the ensuing exhibition at Somerset House, but, as Mr. Patten afforded us the opportunity, we have pleasure in thus noticing its merits.

HARDING'S Elementary Art, or the Use of the Lead Pencil explained.
Tilt, Fleet Street.

IT is needless to notice Mr. Harding as an artist, he being already well known. With respect to his publication, we have given it much attention, and do not hesitate to declare it an invaluable work, useful both to the professional student and to the amateur. Every sentence is a study. We regret that it is not in our power to make extracts, inasmuch as each page refers to some one or other of the engravings, which not only represent many elementary examples, but also clearly demonstrate the difference between the easy natural elegance of drawings produced by practice, and those which emanate from dashing or labored efforts, too often, though falsely, denominated finished productions: we recommend the possession and study of this work to all who are desirous of excelling in this elegant accomplishment.

Paintings of the Battle of Trafalgar. Exeter Hall.

IN our last volume, speaking of these beautiful productions, we ascribed them erroneously to the pencil of Mr. Higgins. We anxiously wish to correct an error which might be of material moment to the artist. Mr. Huggins is the gentleman whose exquisite pencil and knowledge of nautical matters, has produced paintings worthy of the action and the monarch who commanded their performance.

Domestic Architecture. Second Series. FRANCIS GOODWIN, Esq.
Architect. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

WE regret much the want of space and time adequately to expatiate on the beautiful work before us. The chastity of its designs, the delightful manner in which they are executed, and the architectural knowledge contained in the letter-press (which by the way is almost inseparable from the plates) render it worthy of a distinguished place

in the library of every lover of Science and the Fine Arts. Mr. Goodwin has well proved the assertion contained in his introduction, "that we do know how to build houses." The deficiency observed in many of our domestic edifices does not arise, in nine cases out of ten, from the ignorance of the architect, but may be deduced from the bizarre taste of the employer. Let but the Fine Arts meet with, what we regret to say is rare, encouragement and support, and doubt not the existence and power of native talent to carry into effect any design which imagination can conceive, however gorgeous, difficult or splendid.

History of England, by Hume and Smollett, continued by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES. Vol. III. A. J. Valpy, A.M.

THE present volume extends from the reign of Richard III. and ends with the peace with France, which took place after the fatal battle of Flodden. Whether we regard this work as a beautiful specimen of publication, or for the excellence of its design and embellishments, in each it demands our unqualified praise.

The Calendar of Nature; or, Natural History of the Year. J. Van Voorst, 3, Paternoster Row.

A VERY entertaining and instructive little tome, which ought to be in the hands of all young folks. The information it contains is good and valuable, and the volume enriched by many beautiful designs by George Cattermole.

Family Classical Library.—No. LII. London, A. J. Valpy, Fleet Street.

WE observe with regret that this volume, which finishes the excellent translation of Livy, by George Baker, A.M. also terminates the present publication. We say we observe this with regret, for there are, as all must be aware, many classic authors of high celebrity, whose works are yet inaccessible to all but those whose unwearied application has rendered them conversant with the languages of Greece and Rome. The series indeed embraces the majority of the most popular of the classic authors, any of whose works may be obtained separately,

translated by men renowned for learning and critical acumen. We know no publication more deserving than this of support and encouragement, which places within reach of the English reader, thoughts, histories and feelings once only known in the higher and the secluded walks of literature. The scholar may, and always must, feel delight in poring over the original compositions of the various authors which compose it, but he whom neglect or want of opportunity has kept ignorant of the elegant writings of antiquity, will find, in this admirable publication, all that is necessary or positively useful.

The Architectural Director; Part II. J. Bennett, Three Tun Passage, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

THIS work maintains a high position amid the periodicals of the day; its embellishments are excellent and letter-press instructive. We recommend to our professional readers its scientific illustrations of the various orders, and beautiful plan of St. Peter's at Rome.

Landscape Illustrations of the Bible; Parts I. and II. J. Murray, Albemarle Street; Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

WE hail the appearance of this work with lively pleasure, not so much for the beautiful manner in which it is got up, as for the proof that religion and her votaries are far from being disregarded amid the regions of Art. What employment, we were going to say, so heavenly, as the illustration of that sacred volume whose contents are at once soothing, magnificent and grand! The present work is well calculated to interest the artist; it contains engravings from the burine of W. and E. Finden, from finished drawings by Turner, Callcott, and Stanfield, and its descriptive portions are by the Rev. Thos. H. Horne, B. D. already known to the world as author of an introduction to the study of the holy scriptures. The plates are, generally speaking, excellent. "The Valley of the Brook Kedron," and "The Dead Sea," by Turner, are lovely gems. "Tadmor in the Desert," by Stanfield, is desolate indeed. "Sidon," by Turner, appears to us faulty; no sea ever rushed in *en masse* in the manner displayed before us, nor would it, we apprehend, benefit the fisherman to angle in such troubled waters at the imminent risk of being overwhelmed. It will, we fear, be pronounced one of our favorite artist's lapses, but we suppose he must be forgiven for the beauties he so frequently sends forth.

The "Interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem," by D. Roberts, is a fine drawing well engraved.

Memorials of Oxford—Part XVII. REV. J. INGRAM.
Tilt, Fleet Street.

CONTAINS the south front of Queen's College, with the tower of St. Mary's in the distance, together with a view of the First quadrangle of Queen's, engraved as usual in Le Keux's best style.

Illustrations of the Poetical Works of SIR WALTER SCOTT—Part VII.
Tilt, Fleet Street; Chapman and Hall, Strand.

THIS is decidedly one of the best numbers we have seen of this work, though not without faults. The views of *Melrose* and *Dunfermline* are sweetly engraved, the latter presents a fine specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture with curious indentations on the shafts of the pillars, similar to those of Waltham Abbey, Essex. The "*Goatfells of Arran*" is stiff, and appears harsh. The Alhambra, drawn and engraved by Wilkinson, is remarkable for a figure in military attire, leaning against one of the pillars, with his head in a most unaccountable position of unnatural stiffness. Artists would do well to pause, ere by the introduction of an ungraceful accessory they risk their own fame, and the credit of the work on which they may be employed.

We had almost omitted to notice a lovely portrait of the Lady Clare, from the pencil of T. Phillips, R.A., engraved by H. Robinson. We are no great admirers of fancy portraiture, but this sweet gem depicts a form well calculated to have blessed the gallant though calumniated knight, who

"Charged his old paternal shield,
With bearings won on Flodden field."

Isabel Schooner, off Gibraltar. W. J. Huggins, Leadenhall Street.

A VERY beautiful engraving, from a picture by this talented artist; there are few painters who exceed Mr. Huggins in the delineation of Sea-pieces. His pencil is powerful and yet pleasing, and a thorough knowledge of his subject is evident in all that he does. Witness his

delightful sketch "Reefing top-sails;" no sailor ever regarded this production without pleasure, the fall of the topmast and tautness of the rigging to windward are excellent; the men too lay well out upon the yard, and the man, whose arm encircles the studding-sail boom, is so admirably depicted that one almost fancies we see his foot trembling on the horse. We wish we could see more of such specimens; they are in every sense highly characteristic.

Engravings from the Works of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Parts III, IV, V. Moon, Boys & Graves, Pall Mall.

OUR opinion respecting these beautiful productions we have more than once previously expressed. The present numbers fail in nothing we can see when compared with the two first parts, which have already been noticed by us. To comment on the powers of Sir Joshua Reynolds would be irrelevant and useless, his country has long ago adjudicated to him the palm of honorable distinction: it is with the engraver then that we have chiefly to deal, and truly there is no reason why any one should be dissatisfied with his exertions. The portrait of "George, Prince of Wales." That beautiful gem "The Snake in the Grass," "Earl Temple," "The Shepherd Boy," and "Miss Kitty Fisher," which, by the way, possesses little attraction, constitute the third number. In the fourth we have a portrait of that fine old General, Sir Jeffery Amherst, afterwards Lord Amherst, this we are enabled to pronounce a striking likeness; the delineation in armour we have ever considered as a gross absurdity. His lordship was noted for skill in the camp and courage in the field, and the readers of the Annual Register will attribute to him no small share in the quelling of the formidable riots in 1780. The lower portion of this engraving (the *cuirasses*) is very finely expressed. The rest is "Venus chiding Cupid," and here again we see displayed the wonderful power of Sir Joshua in the infant form. The whole attitude is truly beautiful, and the countenances of the group evidently speak the language going on; the figure of Venus, too, is remarkably fine.

"Lady Betty Delmé and children," "Mrs. Hartley," the actress, and a portrait of "Sir Joshua," from the original picture in the Royal Academy, close the fourth part; and in the fifth we notice a production, better suited to the genius of Fuseli, than that of our painter; the figure of "Macbeth" is too classical, and his habiliments

and arms partake too much of the Roman character, to convey upon the mind a justidea of the Scottish traitor. "The Careful Shepherdess," "Lady Sophia St. Asaph," "The Marquis of Stafford," and the portrait of the beautiful "Mrs. Bunbury," close the subjects of our present observations, which we trust meet with that encouragement they richly deserve. To adopt means of sending forth to the world the productions of talent and the emanations of exalted genius, is, we should think, a service to the public of such great extent that they would never allow those, who are generous enough to attempt it, to be the losers by the execution of their laudable undertakings.

Cabinet Illustrations for Pocket Editions of the Holy Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, Historical and Topographical. John Van Voorst, 3, Paternoster Row.

THIS work will command success provided the publishers persevere in the course at present marked out by them. *Good engravings*, from the works of ancient masters and the élite of modern Art, will ensure a high station for any periodical.

CHIT CHAT.—ARTISTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S MONUMENT.—The statue of the late Royal Commander-in-chief, was, on Tuesday, April 8th, raised to its place on the Tuscan column in Carlton gardens. The statue began to ascend at eleven o'clock, and occupied several hours in attaining the summit: so gradual and equable, indeed, was its motion, as to be almost imperceptible. It presents a correct likeness of the Duke, who is represented in military costume, looking to the Horse Guards as to old quarters. We do but echo the general opinion, however, in saying this position of the statue seems extremely ill-judged; as it must be evident that it would have been much more ornamental, as well as more commonly observed and admired, had it faced Pall Mall.

In the preliminary business a good deal of chagrin and vexation was experienced by several professional parties—the columnar form has been objected to—and this, as being copied from a work erected after the best period of Roman Art. Whatever value may be attached to these opinions, abstractedly considered, we do not hesitate to say, the present object appears well adapted to its situation, and forms a

noble memorial of personal distinction, and an ornamental feature of the metropolis.

The Tuscan may, indeed, be termed the *military order*, as, from the masculine boldness and severity of its proportions, it has been generally adopted to commemorate heroes and glorious actions. The more celebrated instances are the columns of Trajan (which, divested of its sculpture, has been imitated in the Duke of York's) and Antoninus Pius, at Rome; and that raised to Theodosius, at Constantinople, after his victory over the Scythians.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—We were present at the *Conversazione*, on Wednesday, April 8th, and were, as usual, charmed with the emanations of genius brought under review. Mr. Martin contributed several drawings, remarkable for wonderful conception and high finish. To Messrs. Callcott and Turner, we were indebted for a numerous and delightful series. Among others that have made a lasting impression on our memory were—a sketch for a large picture, by Hart, rich in tone and powerful in effect—an exquisite specimen of engraving by Jeavons; and last, not least, four finely conceived designs from the beautiful but ill-starred poems of Ossian by (which in our balance weighs as heavy) M'Pherson. So grossly, however, are the senses enslaved by fashion, that, had Juliet written a book, she would never (we vouch for it) have asked, "*What's in a Name?*"

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—An evening exhibition took place, on the 14th of April, at the Rooms in Pall Mall, which was attended by a numerous and distinguished assemblage of beauty, rank, and talent; whilst the surrounding gems of modern Art borrowed an increase of harmony and splendor from the concentrated yellow light.

CITY MONUMENTS.—There is, perhaps, more of poetic feeling attached to the little monuments of Wilkes and Waithman, in Farringdon Street, than to those of the two proudest conquerors of the universe: it is creditable to humanity, that public services should live thus enshrined in the sympathies of men. The artists, however, do not appear to have been equally poetical. In the latter instance, we find an ill-proportioned pedestal, whose horizontal mouldings create an opposition and crossing of lines, that very much diminishes the effect of the whole; whilst the painted garb of the former calls to mind a certain Transatlantic specimen, which lasted three whole years, and then—fell to pieces.

ARTISTS CONVERSAZIONE, LUDGATE HILL.—The last meeting of this Society was well attended on the 17th ult. Among several beautiful specimens of Art, we were particularly struck with a por-

trait by Wood, which had been very beautifully engraved by H. Simmons. Both productions were fine instances of artistical power.

Both the antiquary and the student in architectural beauty, must have deplored the dirty and mutilated state in which, for several years past, that noble edifice, Westminster Hall, has been suffered to remain. We are glad to hear that such disgraceful neglect is to exist no longer, and that Sir R. Smirke has been commissioned to examine it, and has reported that its restoration will amount to £17,000. We hope when the subject of the grant to effect such a purpose shall have come before Parliament, no narrow-minded prejudice or despicable ostentation of mock economy, will frustrate so laudable an undertaking.

GRAND PICTURES OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—We understand that the king has been pleased to grant Mr. Huggins the privilege of having engravings taken from these beautiful paintings. The size of the plates will be thirty inches by twenty-three, and they will be published by subscription.

ANECDOTES OF NORTHCOTE. No. 2.—The late Mr. Northcote's talents as an animal painter are unquestionable. He used to pride himself very much on his masterly delineation of the various quadrupeds he introduced into his pictures, and nothing pleased him more than when a visitor bestowed his encomiums upon them. "Many and many an hour," he used to observe, "have I and Spilsbury wiled away at Exeter 'Change, anxiously waiting to catch the developement of some new feature in the study before us, and which I need not say we used many artifices to provoke." In fact he considered he was the only Academician who was equally notorious for the superiority of his productions in the three departments of historical, portrait, and animal painting. "I have had one of the greatest compliments paid me this morning," said he to a friend, "that could possibly happen to a painter.

"In what way, Mr. Northcote?"

"Why, I'll tell you—you recollect my large picture of 'the Caravan attacked by Wild Beasts in crossing the Desert,' in which the animals are painted the size of life—I have had it sent to me to retouch and varnish—a little boy, whose portrait I am taking, happened accidentally to open the front drawing-room door, before which the picture stands upon the floor, he had no sooner done so, than he flew away with fright, terrified at the reality of the appearance, and nothing could induce him to go back to the room; the little fellow

did not recover himself during the whole sitting, although he was old enough to know it was only a picture."

It was a subject of great sorrow to see this great man, in consequence of his sight failing him, painting portraits at last almost of a brick-dust color—but the veteran clung to his profession with all the ardor of youth—a gentleman observing that he was putting in some touches into one of these portraits, with much apparent anxiety and irritation, inquired of him the reason—if he was unwell? how he felt himself? he answered with the greatest mildness, "*Eighty-four, sir, eighty-four.*"

Very extensive architectural improvements are now in progress at Cassel. Besides several new public buildings, an entire new quarter called Wilhelms-stadt, is about to be added to this capital.

Most of the foreign sculptors of any note, have been occupied of late upon important works.—Rauch, who is employed to execute six colossal *Victorias* for the *Walhalla* erected by the king of Bavaria, has completed one of them in Carrara marble, and finished the models of two others. His design too, for a monument to Albert Durer, intended to adorn the city of Nuremburg, is now upon the point of being carried into execution. Besides this, he is also about to commence a bas-relief, with the subject of Orpheus and Eurydice, for which he received a commission some time back, from the court of Russia.

Theodore Wagner is engaged upon a series of bas-reliefs for two fronts of the king of Wirtemberg's villa at Rosenstein and Thorwaldsen, who has lately completed his *Parce*, one of the finest reliefs produced by his chisel, has no fewer than sixteen new works of sculpture in hand. The French sculptor Bra has received a commission for two of the reliefs for the triumphal arch of l'Etoile at Paris; and has been modelling a large bas-relief for the pediment of the great hospital at Douay.

SCHINKEL.—The new *Bauschule* or school of architecture at Berlin, is now very far advanced, and, when completed, will be one of the most singular structures in that capital—an edifice so perfectly *sui generis* as hardly to admit of comparison with any other style. This work of Schinkel's will therefore puzzle the critics—at least the by-book, and by-rote critics, not a little. Four small churches by the same architect, in the suburbs of Berlin, are also so far advanced as to be nearly covered in. His new church at Potsdam, is now finished, and, with its noble Corinthian portico, and massive substructure, is a very majestic piece of architecture, although the original design has been somewhat curtailed, according to which it was to have been sur-

mounted by a very lofty cupola supported on columns, and far overtopping all the other buildings. Ere long, Berlin will receive another fine architectural ornament from his hands, in the Observatory about to be erected there.

TURIN—The noble collection of paintings bequeathed by the archbishop Mossi, an enthusiastic admirer and patron of the Fine Arts, to the Academy, has, for want of a suitable place for its reception, been placed for the present in the royal palace, where it fills five rooms. In consequence of this valuable addition the entire gallery is now extended to seventeen rooms.

Admiral Rosamel has presented to the museum at Boulogne a model of the Obelisk from Luxor, formed of the granite on which the soil of the obelisk itself rested, but which could not be conveyed over by him on account of its enormous size.

The Russian painter Brulov has been elected honorary member of the academy at Milan.

Wander, of Leipsic, is about to bring out a splendid graphic work, in large folio, with one hundred engravings from as many of the choicest subjects in the Dresden gallery. The first number will contain Raphael's celebrated Madonna di Sisto.

RETROSPECTIVE ART—As some of our pages have already been devoted to the "Genius of Stothard, and the character of his works," it may be interesting to the admirers of this veteran Artist, to understand, (as we are informed) that a picture by him of the death of Nelson, painted many years ago, will appear at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, Somerset House. On this occasion, as on all others where facts were to be obtained, Mr. Stothard went on board the Victory, took sketches of the quarter deck, the spot where the hero fell, together with portraits of the officers who were present in that part of the ship.

At an age like that at which Mr. Stothard has arrived such reminiscences are like the resuscitation of life, nor can the revival of such subjects be otherwise than grateful to the public.

At the Duke of Sussex's late *conversazione* at Kensington Palace, a splendid model of the great pyramid of Cheops attracted the greatest attention; it is composed of 43,000 pieces of cork, and a vertical section of the pyramid, from which it appeared that the pyramid was not only built upon, but round a rock, which rises to the height of 130 feet within the centre of the pyramid, on the apex of which is situated what is called the Queen's chamber.

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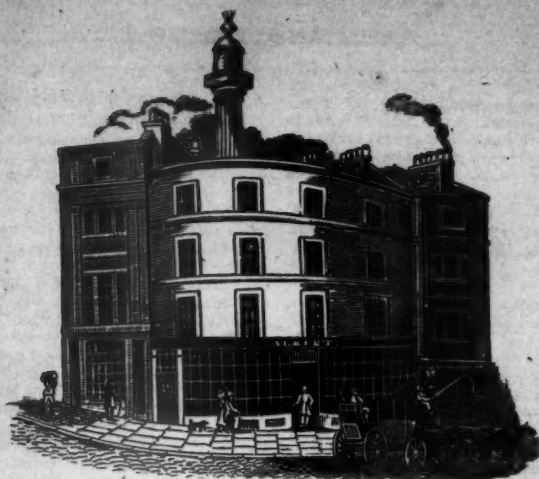
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Extraordinary and Novel Attractions. **THE TWO NEW VIEWS** now Exhibiting, and which have been Painted expressly for the Establishment, by the celebrated Artist of Canterbury Cathedral, Campo Santo, and others, are the **RUINS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY** in Yorkshire, by Moonlight, with a total Eclipse, and moving shadows; and the **CRYPT OF ST. DENIS CATHEDRAL** in France, also with variations of light and shade. N.B. The beautiful Ceiling of the Saloon having been retouched and embellished, exhibits the Portraits of most of the renowned Painters of the past and present ages. Open daily from 10 till dusk.

PATRONISED by the **PRINCESS AUGUSTA** and **PRINCE GEORGE**.—Decided success.—The Morning and Evening Promenade, being well attended, **NOW OPEN** with increasing approbation, in the Assembly-rooms, Bazaar, Gray's-inn road, Madame **AUS-SAUD'S EXHIBITION**. The figures modelled in composition, the size of life, meet with the encomiums of every visiter. Admittance 1s. Open from 11 till 4, and from 7 till 10. The band will play at half-past 2, and half-past 7.

MR. DE LA FONS' RETIREMENT.—Mr. FINNIE, Dentist, of 53, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, late Assistant to Mr. De La Fons (and who for the last six months of that Gentleman being in practice, entirely officiated for him), and Nephew to Mr. Macpherson, of Glasgow, takes the opportunity of Mr. De La Fons' retirement from Business respectfully to acquaint the Public, that, having had the construction of nearly the whole of the **ARTIFICIAL TEETH** furnished by Mr. De La Fons' for the last three years, he will in future supply every article in that department in the same style, and at charges considerably lower than those of that Practitioner. Scaling, Stopping, and every other operation in Dental Surgery.—At Home from 10 till 4.

J. T. HUDSON'S SPECTACLES to **PRESERVE the SIGHT**.—The advantages of these Spectacles in Reading or Writing are too well known to require comment, Mr HUDSON, Optician, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, has every useful variety of these much-admired Spectacles in extremely light and elegant mountings. Also an extensive Assortment of Brazil concave and convex Pebbles. Shipping-houses, Merchants, Captains, &c., supplied on liberal terms. Spectacle Wearers would find much useful information in a shilling pamphlet lately published by Simpkin and Marshall, and sold by all booksellers, entitled, "Spectacles, or the Sight Restored, Assisted, and Preserved by the Use of Spectacles," &c. Opera-glasses supplied nightly for Sale or Hire to the King's Theatre.

Second edition, 3s.

By Edingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

CURE of Piles, Hemorrhoidal Tumours, and Prolapsus; Practical Treatise thereon, illustrated with various Cases, by S. MACKENZIE, Surgeon, 73, Lamb's Conduit-street, whereby the dreadful operation of Excision or Ligature is avoided by means of a **PATENT INVENTION**.

Mr. M. s hours at Home, from 12 to 3 only.

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ARNOLD'S MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

A very clever and carefully conducted work.

Times.

Few publications give us so much real enjoyment as the perusal of that on the Fine Arts, now before us. It treats of all that is refined, imaginative, and elevating: we seem to recall, in the contemplation of the subjects brought before us, the forms and creations of ancient time; or to conjure up in delightful association, the great in intellect,—the genius whose pencil gives immortality, from whom the sculptured marble derives its expression, or the graven gem its beauty. Unlike the storms of politics or fluctuations of trade, the studies which are here recorded will live for ever—they never fade upon the sight, or pall in the repetition; and Arnold's Magazine may be studied by the Divine, or read by the denizen of the Temple, without offending the sternest polemic, or exciting the ire of an embryo Pleader. We have been particularly interested in the present Number with the paper on the Genius of Raphael; and the articles—"The Painter's Eye," "Remarks on the Architecture of the Early Christians," "British School of Living Painters: C. R. Leslie, Esq. R. A.," and, "Rocks and their Appendages." The others deserve great praise for their extreme fairness of criticism, and the truly artistic and profound knowledge of the arts which they evince; and we regret our limits this week will not admit of a more lengthened notice. From the article more particularly interesting to us, Romney Abbey, we subjoin an extract, written in a tone of elevated thought and poetic feeling: and we are sincerely sorry the talented writer has brought his labors in this vicinity to a close. He has opened a mine of interest and beauty to many, and we part from him with real regret and admiration.

Hampshire Advertiser and Salisbury Guardian.

The Magazine of the Fine Arts is a publication, calculated, we fully believe, to do good service to the cause of those arts, which humanize mankind; and which flourish or decay in every country, as civilization advances or recedes. The papers on the subject of architecture, painting, and sculpture, and the criticisms on those subjects, are conceived in a fair and honest spirit: and there is an admirable likeness of Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, an outline engraving of The Holy Family, by Raphael; and a plan of a projected Saloon of the Fine Arts, to be erected on the site of the Pantheon, Oxford-Street. We have left ourselves no room for extract from this Number, which is very rich in literary as well as graphic merit.—*Durham Advertiser.*

Three plates here—this is illustrating with a vengeance. A full length portrait of Sir M. A. Shee, P. R. A.,—Raphael's Holy Family,—and a plan for a Gallery of Pictures at the Pantheon. The articles on Shee, Stanfield, Royal Academy, Northcote, Stothard, and Painting, are worthy the high and deservedly increasing reputation of this very excellent and well conducted magazine.

Derbyshire Courier.

We have found much to interest us in the improved and improving periodical. The remarks on "Leslie" are extremely judicious. We are well acquainted with both the artist and his works, and assent entirely to the proposition of his critic. The "Memoir of Cooke" is valuable. The critique on "Stothard" is beautiful and just. The writer forgets, however, that an admirable portrait of Stothard was painted by the late Mr. Jackson. The best likeness is that taken by Mr. Green, and engraved in a former number of this Magazine.

United Service Gazette.

The March and April numbers contain, jointly and severally, a great deal of interesting matter. There is a portrait and notice of Sir M. A. Shee, P. R. A. who is pronounced to be "a painter, scholar and a gentleman, wearing his true honors with a manly grace, and with that air of unembarrassed modesty one would be apt to attribute to a favorite hero." In the British School of Living Painters, are notices of Stanfield and Leslie. The papers on Romney Abbey are continued in the March and concluded in the April number. There are also articles—"The History and Principles of Painting, on the genius of Stothard, and of Raphael, on Landscape Painting, on the Holy Family by Raphael, (of which an etching is given) besides many other articles worthy alike of notice and perusal, and embracing various subjects of interest to artists and connoisseurs. A periodical devoted to so noble a purpose and conducted with so much taste and ability, is deserving of support commensurate with the service which it renders to the cause of the Fine Arts; and its contributors are taking the best and only means of once promoting their own interests, and creating, amongst their readers, a taste for all that is refined and elegant.

Liverpool Chronicle.

We can conceive no means more likely to promote the Fine Arts amongst our countrymen, than the periodical publication of a miscellany, in which the various works of modern masters, both in painting and sculpture, are fairly and impartially reviewed; and which, essays on the great productions of the ancients, at once instruct the mind and refine the taste. Arnold's Magazine ably performs these arduous duties, and the number before us may be considered a gem by professors, connoisseurs, and virtuosos.

Chesham Chronicle.

The first series of this publication, is dedicated entirely to the Fine Arts, and is well called for our warmest approbation, and we are well pleased at observing that its continuation appears equally entitled to our support. A work of this description cannot find support if conducted well, and as our judgment can be formed by a perusal of the number before us, we have no doubt that the Fine Arts have a very talented champion in this Magazine. The contents of it are interesting, and the Artist and Connoisseur particularly will find in its pages a source of interest.

ARNOLD'S MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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Times.

Arnold's Magazine discusses pictures and other artistical affairs very pleasantly; it contains this month, among other matters, a notice of Cardon the engraver, and an extract from a Spanish traveller's journal touching Granada, which is very interesting.

Athenaeum.

It always gives us satisfaction to recommend this work, a monthly periodical dedicated to the Fine Arts. The artist, amateur, and every one who feels an interest in the Arts and Sciences will find in its pages a vast fund of information. It is ably conducted and the critical notices appear to be written with much fairness; it embraces all "the sayings and doings" in the fields of Arts throughout the world.

Plymouth Herald.

The Magazine of the Fine Arts is a rising production; and as an ardent friend to the British School we are pleased to see it progressing in the path of fame. There are some clever critical notices, and other papers, in the Number for May; and the Editor and his Correspondents have been on the *qui vive* to cater for their readers. There are some clever remarks in the paper entitled "Leaves from my Pocket-Book."

Durham Advertiser.

Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts for May is unusually rich and talented. Not only in the Fine Arts, but even in other subjects, does it assert its supremacy over other miscellanies of the same literary character.

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